# Northern Messenger

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## A Clever Dunce.

(By the Rev. Hilderic Friend, in 'Early Days.')

Every child who has read about Ireland knows that there is a famous place on the north coast which bears the name of the Giant's Causeway. The easiest way to reach it is to go by rail to Portrush, and then take the electric railway. But before starting from Portrush, I would like you to

ADAM CLARKE.

walk a few yards out of the station, and look at the monument on your right, then examine the building close at hand. Here you will find a pleasing memorial to the dunce who became one of the finest scholars of his age, and has left a commentary on the bible which is a gratifying proof of his love for the word of God. The Methodist chapel and monument at Portrush were erected in honor of Dr. Adam Clarke, whose home is only a few miles distant.

The parents and ancestors of Adam Clarke had been well-to-do, but when the lad was only about seven years of age, he heard with sorrow that all the property they once enjoyed had been lost, and now they must begin life again in poverty. How often have the great men of the world been nursed in need! David was a shepherd boy; John was a fisherman; Luther's mother was poor; and John Bunyan, who wrote 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' was destitute. Perhaps if Adam Clarke's parents had been rich, and had given their son plenty of pocket-money, he would have grown up idle and ignorant. His father was well educated, and would naturally feel anxious that his son should be the same. Adam never knew how old he was. Even his mother had forgotten, and although he was baptized by a clergyman, who was his uncle, no trace can be found in the church registers of the date. Luther's mother also forgot the year of her son's birth, so in this respect Adam Clarke and Martin Luther resemble each other. Mrs. Clarke, however, thought her son was born in 1760, and his place of birth was Moybeg in the county of Derry.

The boy was remarkable for the strength of his body; but his hardiness was not favorable to study. He found it very difficult to master the A B C. His father, who was the schoolmaster as well, tried every means in his power to make the boy learn. Sometimes he would coax, then he would scold, and finally the rod was used on the dunce's back, but all to no purpose. It is said that one day, when Adam was eight years old, and had begun to think that he never would succeed with his studies, a teacher from another school paid a visit to the one where our dunce was at his lessons. The visitor heard several of the boys go through their tasks. At last came Adam, who got through his lesson so badly, that his teacher apologised to the visitor and said, 'This boy is a grievous dunce, sir.' Poor Adam was in despair, when the visitor, patting him kindly on the head, exclaimed, 'Never mind, this lad will make a good scholar yet.' It was the turning point in Adam's life, and shows how much may be done by a kind word. In after years, when the boy became a man, he was wont to recall the incident, and insist on the value and necessity of kind words and encouragement from the teacher.

But Adam was not yet at the end of his troubles. When he could spell and read simple English books with ease, his father began to teach him Latin. This was one of the greatest trials of his life. He often watered his book with his tears, but that did not soften the page or make the lesson easier. One day, when asked to repeat his lesson, he burst into sobs, and told the master he could not learn Latin.

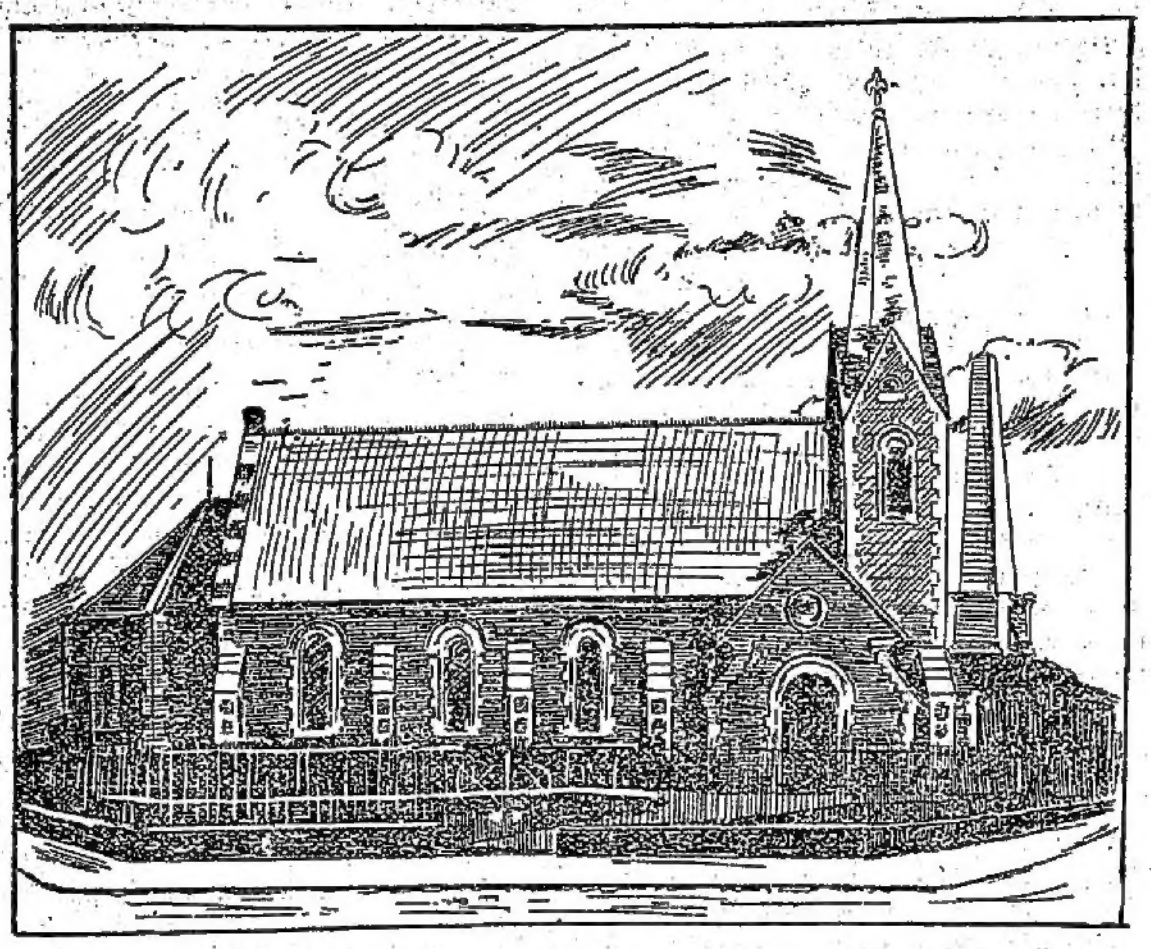
'If you don't learn your lesson, I'll pull your ears as long as a dog's, and you shall be a beggar all your days,' was the harsh reply.

His schoolfellows taunted him, called him a stupid ass, and looked upon him with contempt. At last his spirit was aroused.

'Shall I always be a dunce, and have to bear these insults all my school days?' he asked.

He could not endure the thoughts, and after making a desperate effort he at last succeeded, and from that time his sorrow was turned into joy.

The boy fared humbly and worked hard. He was often thinly clad, and any one who saw him when he was made doctor and elected to the different learned societies with which he was connected in his later years would find it difficult to think that he had once trudged to school with bare feet and a bare head. His mother loved the bible, and knew how to make it interesting to her children; and it was from her that he learned its value, as John Ruskin learned it from his mother. When Adam Clarke became a young man he found the Saviour, and in 1778 he joined the Methodist Society at a small place near Coleraine. He soon began to speak for Jesus, then became a preacher, and was admitted into the Methodist ministry. His love for the bible grew, but when he was thirty years of age he was taken ill, and had to give up all study and preaching for some weeks. At this time he bought a large bible without covers, and had it interleaved and bound in three volumes. He ruled every page, and began to fill the book with notes. That was the beginning of his famous Commentary. He soon gave up the plan, beause he found he had not room for all the notes he wished to make, and the three volumes are now to be seen in the Methodist College at Belfast. When he recovered his health he renewed his studies with greater zeal than ever, and presently could read not only English, French, and Latin, but Hebrew and Greek. Then he tried other languages, and found that his work became easier every year. 'He that hath, to him shall be given,' says the word of God, and Adam Clarke soon became famous as one of the most learned men the Methodist church has ever produced. He was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and honors flowed in upon him in his later years, which showed the truth of the wise man's words: 'Seest



THE ADAM CLARK MEMORIAL CHURCH, PORTRUSH.

thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.'

## The Stranger's Mission.

'What! has he gone?' exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, entering the breakfast-room from the kitchen, bringing in a small, deep pan of hot water, and finding only Aunt Sylvia, where but three minutes before she had left a trio.

'He has just stepped out on the porch with Mr. Tucker,' replied Aunt Sylvia, proceeding to wash the solid silver she had gathered from the dismantled table. 'Of course he will not go without at least bidding us good-morning.'

'He has, however,' said Mrs. Tucker. 'See what long strides he is taking down the hill. He cut short his adieus to you, also, did he not, Mr. Tucker?' she said, as her husband entered the room, a broad smile overspreading his rugged face.

'Well, I must say he beats all,' said Mr. Tucker, speaking slowly, and from the open window watching out of sight the retreating figure of his guest.

'An entire stranger, bearing the same name as my first wife, but no relation to her whatever, as I can make out, fastens himself upon us for six meals, and two nights' lodging, breaks up a day and a half for me, drives my horse ten miles or more, routs us up at four o'clock of a summer morning to get him a hot breakfast, so that he may take an early train, and goes off without so much as saying "Thank you," or, "Give me a call should you ever come my way."'

'I hope he will enjoy the lunch I put up for him,' said Aunt Sylvia, joining in the laugh; and Mrs. Tucker added: 'I wonder how long it will take to get the smell of tobacco-smoke out of the sitting-room. The idea of his filling his pipe, lighting it, and puffing away after I had hinted to him that tobacco was offensive to me.'

'He was dressed like a gentleman,' said Mr. Tucker, 'but for all that, I should class him as a full-grown pig.'

'He seemed to be possessed of average intelligence,' said Aunt Sylvia, as she began to wash the coffee-cups, 'and I suppose he has treated us quite as well as he treats his mother. He has lived on this beautiful earth nearly fifty years, been fed and clothed, and sheltered, and, according to his own story, has never recognized the Lord's kindness in any way. If the Lord does not resent his want of appreciation, I suppose we ought not to do so.

Mr. Tucker said nothing as he went out about his daily work as a farmer.

This Aunt Sylvia of his wife's was a very devout woman, with the right word for the unconverted always at her tongue's end. 'But she never meddles with me,' the sturdy farmer was wont to say.

The perfect freshness and beauty of the June morning appealed to his heart in an unwonted manner. He was a true lover of nature; and all the rural charms of verdure, and foliage, and witching scenery about this, his ancestral home, were a part of his life; yet it seemed to him that he had never breathed in the marvellous fulness of perfection of the June bounteousness as on this morning, when the ascending sun cast over the dew-laden meadow its own peculiar rose-tint.

'I am fifty-five,' said the farmer to himself; 'for half a century I have stood on this hill-top at all seasons, and at all times, and enjoyed my surroundings. I've had good health, an abundance of this world's goods, and but few sorrows. The Lord has been very good to me; but I have never fully appreciated it, and have never expressed myself to the All-Giver as being thankful. Oh, what a wretch I have been!'

For a week Mr. Tucker turned this matter over and over in his mind. One thought made way for another. He no sooner tried to find an excuse for one shortcoming, than a worse one came to take its place.

'I don't know what ails Mr. Tucker,' said his wife; 'he neither eats nor sleeps; he takes no interest in anything you say or I say or do; he doesn't even read the daily paper.'

'I have noticed it,' said Aunt Sylvia, 'His work doesn't seem to be getting on, either; he just wanders round the farm, without staying long enough in one place to accomplish anything, and he stands for half an hour at a time looking off into the distance in one direction or another, as if he were taking in all the features of a view quite new to him. It is not like Mr. Tucker at all.'

'I can't understand it,' said Mrs. Tucker. 'He may be bilious. I will go right away and make him a spring syrup.'

The next morning a small glass of the decoction, was handed him by his anxious wife, as he stood in the dining-room doorway, looking pale and worn, gazing far off upon the distant hills.

He shook his head, and said, with apparent effort: 'No wonder you are anxious about me, I am anxious about myself, but the remedy is not thoroughwort. Aunt Sylvia, how does a person atone for fifty years of wilful neglect of God's goodness?'

'So that is it!' exclaimed the good woman, 'The Lord be praised! The stranger had a mission here after all! It was to show Abraham Tucker to Abraham Tucker. Let us take your query to the Lord.'

The change was not an instantaneous one; but it came after real repentance and much prayer, and it brought marvellous joy and peace.

Mr. Tucker tries to make his present daily life atone for the years of neglect; but he charges all his young friends to start early in the right way, that they may enjoy the fulness of life that comes only to those who love and serve the Lord.—Mrs. Anna A. Preston, in American Paper.

## What I Have Seen.

I have seen a man managing a prosperous business house from which a well trodden path led to a saloon. A little while and I have seen another managing in his stead.

I have seen a plant, full of beautiful blooms, wither and die in four days, by being in the poisonous atmosphere of a sick-room. I have also seen a youthful life blighted by being just once under the influence of evil companions.

I have seen a young man leave his father's house to see the world, only to return to find it inhabited by strangers.

I have seen a man make good resolutions in his own strength and fail to put them into practice.

I have seen a man make good resolutions in the strength of God and practice them in the same.

I have seen sinners taken from the clutch of the evil one by the power which is the power of Jesus Christ.

I have seen 'what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God,' and have marvelled at its magnitude. Reader, have you? If not, read the exhortation found 1 John 3, 1, and behold it now.—Harry Armstrong in S. S. 'Messenger.'

## A Class of Boys.

A teacher of boys has no right to expect success if she will not visit her class often in their homes. The influences which surround her scholars six days out of seven must be known, and home co-operation secured. Of course, it will be hard work, and not always agreeable; but it is a case of life or death,—eternal life or endless death.

Learn all about the boy's pursuits, his tastes, and, above all, his political opinions. I have known cases where every means to win a boy failed till, in sheer desperation on the teacher's part, politics were broached, and from that minute success was sure. Boys love to impart information. Let them tell you about their trade and daily life. Respect their opinions and confidence, and manifest a personal interest in each.

In preparing a lesson for boys, it is useless to imagine that an hour's hurried reading of the 'lesson-help' will fit one for the task. From Sunday afternoon till the next week the class must be in the teacher's thought. The weekly-reading, newspapers, and works of history, or fiction even, can furnish illustrations, and good ones too. The incidents of daily life, God's teaching, can serve their purpose in the work. When thought is consecrated to Sunday-school work, it is marvellous how your eyes are opened; and, riding or walking through the city streets, God shows you what you are to tell that class.—Helen Jay.

## On the Resurrection.

The hymn here printed was written by Edward Perronet, of Sh reham, Kent. It first appeared, without signature, in the 'Gospel Magazine' of 1780. 'It is contained in a volume of his original pieces, entitled, 'Occasional Verses,' published in 1875. Our readers will doubtless be pleased to possess this copy of the original, as most compilers of hymn books have thought themselves able to 'improve' it:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all!

Edward Perronet was married, but had no children; he died in 1792, at Canterbury.

His dying words were—

'Glory to God in the height of His divinity; glory to God in the depth of His humanity; glory to God in His all-sufficiency; and unto His hands I commend my spirit.'—'Episcopal Recorder.'

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Night of Peril.

('The Child's Companion.')

My dear father had been sergeant-major in the Saxon Guards, and was left dead on the battlefield of Struppen, in the year 1756. My mother died of grief in the following year, whereupon my uncle Schenebeck, who was the guardian of the great church at Dresden, placed me at the military free school. One day I returned home, and arrived at my uncle's elevated dwelling in the tower of the church.

'Look, uncle!' I exclaimed, 'What numerous flocks of sheep!' as I saw on the other side of the Elbe thousands of what I took to be sheep covering the green and yellow meadows.

'Sheep!' said my uncle with bitterness; 'fine sheep indeed, of which each one conceals five or six wolves! I think you must be suffering from a dizziness of sight to mistake the tents of the Prussians for flocks of sheep.'

THE ESCAPE FROM THE BURNING TOWER.

Upon looking at the distant objects more carefully I saw my error, and felt confused.

The silence that reigned in the street was broken only by the noise of the engines hurriedly dragged along from different sides. The murmur reaching us at such a height had in it something very mournful and terrifying.

'Now the bombardment has begun,' said my uncle, as the roar of a cannon was heard, 'may the Lord have mercy upon us!'

In the midst of this roaring sound the door of our room suddenly opened, and a woman carrying a child a year old in her arms, and leading two others by the hand, came in, quite breathless, her eyes swollen and red with tears, and fell down exhausted on a chair.

'Ah, Frau Feuchal,' said my uncle, 'what brings you here? Were you not afraid to expose yourself and your children to the cannon-balls by coming to our belfry?'

'May God have mercy upon us!' said Frau Feuchal, weeping. 'Our house has been completely burnt. It was with difficulty that I could escape with my life and save my children. Nothing now remains to me!'

The windows were wide open. A calm and warm summer's night brought to us an agreeable westerly wind, which soon dissipated my drowsiness, but in great astonishment I saw what seemed to me to be stars flitting about. These were the bombs thrown from Prussian mortars, which, rising out of utter darkness, described an arch against the sky, seeming to reach to the real stars, and then falling to earth with a crashing sound. More than once these bombs passed with a hissing sound close to our belfry. But when I saw below in the city fierce flames of fire burst forth in three or four places at a time, I was alarmed, and looked at my uncle, who stood by me as though transfixed. Soon after midnight the belfry was shaken beneath us.

'That one touched us,' said my uncle, in a grave tone; 'a bomb has now penetrated into the tower.'

The basket was hastily got ready on the crane outside. My uncle placed Frau Feuchal and her children in the basket, and wished me also to enter it. The bundles of clothes, a few valuables, and the clocks were placed in the basket; the crane brought the rope facing the poor woman, and he told her to let it slide down gently, and to send up the basket again.

Frau Feuchal and her children began to descend; we also on our side did the same. After we had gone downstairs a little way, we perceived a strong smell of burning, and soon after smoke issued from one of the rooms which we had passed. We heard a crackling as of dry burning wood; the fire shone through the chinks of the partition. Fortunately the bomb had not penetrated on the side of the staircase.

Just as we were able to advance a little more quickly, cries of terror attracted us to the staircase window. Right before us was suspended the large basket with the human beings which it contained, who were uttering cries of distress.

*'Help! help!' cried Frau Feuchal.* 'We are going to be burnt alive! The basket cannot go down! Ah, my poor children—unfortunate that I am!'

Clambering up the steps I found the cord was entangled on the crane, and although I was well used to machinery, it took me some time and pains to arrange it in working order. I was now alarmed at hearing explosions succeeding each other rapidly beneath me.

My feet seemed rooted to the spot. I hastened to clamber up again to the crane. The basket had not come up! But the cord was still hanging there. Down it I slid like a squirrel. The skin was injured on my fingers in my flight, but I had no time to think of that. I found myself at the bottom much sooner than I expected. I had descended on the back of poor Frau Feuchal; she thought a bomb had fallen upon her.

I looked on every side for my uncle, but in vain; then I rushed into the belfry, where I found him below the partition of the bells, almost insensible. We came down the steps, while above us the yielding boards cracked; the walls were tottering; the flames seemed to redouble their fury.

We went through many streets leading to the New Town, which had been saved from fire. Across the bridge of the Elbe a volley of Prussian balls flew now and again, which caused numbers of fugitives to creep along on their hands and knees close to the iron balustrade. Without any betrayal of fear, my uncle crossed the bridge.

On the 30th of July, the approach of an Austrian army obliged the King of Prussia to raise the siege of Dresden, which had lasted only sixteen days, but during that period nearly sixteen hundred houses had been destroyed. It was never without emotion that we revisited the scene of our providential escape, and never did we cease to feel thankful to God, who in His great mercy saved us on that night of peril.

## Our Mary.

(1.)

The rainbow and the daisy
They talk to us of God;
The one adorns the cloudy sky,
The other decks the sod.

(2.)

They talk to us of heaven,
That glorious home above;
Where sin and sorrow are unknown
And all is peace and love.

(3.)

And we have a little sister,
We see her every day,
Her proper name is Mary,
But the Poet calls her May.

(4.)

She is the daisy of our home,
Our rainbow every day
This darling little sister,
Our precious tiny May.

S. F. CRAWFORD.

## The More Excellent Way.

(Fay Axtens, in 'Hand and Heart.')

I.

It was a glorious September morning. A deep and holy peace seemed to brood over the quiet country, the sweet, mysterious peace of the Sunday, when nature, freed from the influence of secular toils and occupations, breaks out in joyous witness to the presence of God in his world. The thrush on the bough, the cricket in the meadow-grass, the bee browsing in the clover, gave answering voice to the spirit of praise and thanksgiving in the fragrant air.

Across the undulating valley, rich in golden promise of the harvest, came the solemn sound of the church bells, calling on too many grudging human hearts to take their share in the universal ascription.

Farmer Joliffe stood leaning over a five-barred gate, opening from his rick-yard on to the lane along which the worshippers were passing on their way to church. He wore the old corduroys that served him for his week-day work in the field, a dirty linen coat, and a battered hat drawn well over his scowling visage. He was puffing vigorously at a pipe, and a thick, gnarled stick was tucked under his arm.

Presently round the bend of the blossoming hedges came the short, stout figure of an elderly woman. She was dressed in rusty black, but, though shabby, she was scrupulously neat. In her hands, which were folded over her shawl, she carried a large bible and hymn-book. A cloud of white dust rose up behind her as she trudged toilsomely up the hill.

'Ye bean't coming to church, then, farmer?' said she, pausing to take breath, as she reached the gate.

'Naw—I bean't,' replied the farmer churlishly, letting his words fall with deliberation, as if to give them due emphasis.

'It 'ud do 'ee good, if 'twere only jus' to hear how beautiful the Zalms do zound. And the pa'son 'ee do preach good enough for any one. His words 'as come home to a'many, as them as knows can testify.'

'Like enow there's a plenty of vools roun about thic 'ere neighborhood,' growled the old man, 'but I don't want nowt to do wi' sich truck. Lookee 'ere, Widow Simmons,' —and removing his pipe, and pushing his hat on one side he assumed the manner o an orator,—'Pa'son 'ee comes down to my place, and 'ee sez, "Varmer," he sez, "I aren't a'zeen you at church." "Naw, you an't, pa'son." se I, standin' up to 'en, "and,what's more, yer wun't. I don't meddle wi' your concerns," I sez, "and I'll just trouble you not to meddle wi' mine." An' the pa'son 'ee ain't been near I since, and tain't likely I'm a-goin arter 'ee. Why, here be we toiling away marning, noon, and night to make an honest livin', and what be they a-doin'?' Jus' mumbling over their prayers, which bain't no good to no one, and pokin' their nose into other folk's bus'ness. Naw, widow, church-goin' and sich may be all very well for old wimmin and childurn what wants to keep out of mischief, but I don't hold wi' such cant, so no more of your gammon for me.'

The farmer replaced his pipe in his mouth and drew his hat over his face again, well satisfied with the convincing force of his arguments. The widow, shocked at this outburst of heresy, was hurrying forward.

'I'm afeared,' said she tremblingly, 'as the devil 'ave got you fast by the 'eel, Master Joliffe. You don't deserve to 'ave no 'arvest, you don't, despising the counsels of the Lord. But the day o'reckonin' 'ull come. It'll come, neighbor, right enow.'

'Oh, ye needn't "neighbor" I, widow,' replied the farmer, with a sneer, 'if yer church-goin' don't teach yer no better than to speak ill o' other folks.'

The old man with a chuckle of satisfaction watched the retreating figure of his adversary, till it disappeared in the hollow, then lifting himself from his stooping posture, he looked round about him on the waving wheat-fields that stretched away to right and left. He had no fear for his harvest. The weather was settled, the corn was full in the ear; he had hands in plenty, and barns ready to receive it. What need was there to take account of the Lord when everything prospered without? 'He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good,' was a trueism he had amply proved, and the impartiality of the blessing was one of the stoutest weapons in his armory for the discomfiture of the religious.

At length the chiming of the bells ceased. The church clock struck eleven. Grasping his big stick the farmer prepared to go the usual round of his domains. It was his special day for examining hedges and fences, and for finding out the delinquencies of the farm-laborers. Sunday by Sunday he came to it with a keener appetite, and woe to that man who met his master on Monday morning with a scamped job on his conscience!

Coming presently over the brow of the hill, his shuffling footsteps falling noiselessly on the thick grass, he reached an orchard that bordered on the highroad. There, climbing on the gate (one actually over and dancing about under one of his apple-trees), he descried a group of village lads evidently on mischief bent.

At once the old man started off to execute vengeance, but the moment they caught sight of his figure bearing down upon them the whole troop, with shouts and yells, rushed off up the hill.

Knowing that pursuit was useless, the farmer came leisurely down towards the gate, when to his astonishment he saw something white among the heavily-laden branches of the apple-tree. On further scrutiny it proved to be the collar-flap of a small boy, who sat astride on one of the topmost boughs, peering down anxiously through the leafy screen.

'Ho! ho! I've caught you then, have I?' cried the farmer, brandishing his stick. 'Down wi' ye, ye young varmint—I'll teach ye to steal my apples.'

'Please, I'm not stealing,' came a soft voice from above. It was so soft and small a voice that the farmer stopped and stared up, at a loss to discover the owner of it. Then catching sight of an apple in the child's hand he broke out in fresh indignation.

'Not stealing! What be that in er' and then? Maybe ye bain't telling lies neither. Who be you, young 'un, to dare tell I sich gammon?'

'I'm Maurice Fenn,' replied the voice again; 'and I'm not stealing, indeed I'm not.'

The farmer fairly danced with rage. 'What! the pa'son's boy!' he screamed. 'The pa'son's boy a-stealing of my apples! Is that the way yer feyther brings ye up? Teaching ye to rob an honest man, and then tell him lies fer t' 'ide yer wickedness. Come down this minute, yer varmint! I'll give 'ee a lesson.

The boy, white with fright, began slowly to descend. The farmer, with horrible imprecation on the iniquity of the clergy and all their belongings, threw down his stick and cut and prepared a slim twig from the hedge as a weapon of chastisement. Seeing what was to follow, the boy hesitated, but the old man shook the tree so violently, as almost to dislodge the child's footing, urging him meanwhile to make haste. As soon as he was within reach he seized him by the collar, and brought him by sheer force to the ground.

'There!' he exclaimed, when he had exhausted his first fury on the slim, delicate little figure writhing in his grasp, 'now perhaps you'll learn not to tell no more lies; and just mind thic 'ere, you young toaad, if ever you or your feyther either sets foot on my ground agen, I'll break every bone in yer body, an' you can tell 'im I sez so!'

Then grasping the child by the shoulders he lifted him over the gate, and leaving him to find his own feet, strode off. The boy, feeling himself released, sprang up and ran a short distance up the hill, then, dizzy with pain and fright, dropped sobbing into the hedge.

II.

'I can't think what is the matter with Maurice to-day,' said Mrs. Fenn to her husband as they set off together to Sunday-school that afternoon. 'He seems so quiet, and looks poorly, too, but he declares he feels all right.'

'Then I wouldn't worry, darling, if I were you,' replied the vicar. 'There can't be much wrong if he doesn't complain. The weather is trying for children, you know, and Maurice isn't over robust, poor little fellow.'

'No, I am afraid this hot sun may have been a little too much for him. Mary says he was out the whole morning. I'm almost sorry I left him at home; it might have been better for him in church.'

'Oh, no, it is a long service. I don't believe in wearying children with the ceremonials of religion. Once a day is as much as his little brains can manage just yet.'

'Perhaps so; but I always feel happier to have him with me, and I'm sure something has upset him, though I can't think what, unless it is the heat.'

'Quite enough, too, dear, isn't it?' replied her husband, smiling, as he took off his hat to wipe the moisture from his forehead. 'But it is a glorious time for the harvest, you know. We must be very thankful.'

It was Mrs. Fenn's custom to put the child to bed herself on Sunday after the evening service. Maurice had recovered his natural good spirits to some extent, but still seemed unlike himself. He would not, however, own to feeling unwell. Only when it came to his night bath he begged to be let off. He 'didn't want it,' he said. Mrs. Fenn, who didn't believe in forcing a child's inclinations in trivial matters, conceded the point, though in some surprise, as he usually enjoyed it so much. The boy's face brightened at once, and running round to the other side of the bed he slipped his little nightshirt on without giving his mother time to help him. Then he came, according to custom, to say his prayers at her knee.

The mother, with her hand on the boy's fair head, looked lovingly at him as he knelt there. How sweet and innocent he looked! What a joy and blessing he was to her, a God-given treasure, filling her life with happiness, not unmixed, however, with trembling fear. One day she must lose him—in far-off future.

Word by word the child repeated the accustomed prayer, till presently coming to the petition, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' he paused, and leaving unsaid the second clause

of the sentence, went on to the next. His mother wondered at the omission, but made no comment. When he had finished she lifted him tenderly into her lap. In doing so the edge of his nightgown was drawn up, and her quick eyes detected a long red mark on his leg.

'Why, Maurice, darling, what is this?' she exclaimed.

The boy flushed crimson, and tried to cover it again.

'It's—it's where I got hurted,' he faltered.

'But how? Why, it looks like——. Maurice, how did it happen?'

The boy hid his face in his mother's arms.

'I—I don't want to tell you, mother.'

'But, Maurice, dear, you must,' she insisted, looking with alarm and dismay at the too-evident marks of chastisement that disfigured his back and limbs. 'What has happened? Tell mother at once, like a dear boy.'

But Maurice was obdurate. No entreaties could extract a word from him. At length his mother rose, and gently laying him on the bed—'Then Maurice isn't mother's own boy,' she said; and turned away with a catch in her voice.

The child lay perfectly passive. She moved slowly towards the door. Lingering there a moment the sound of a stifled sob reached her, and she hurried back to the bedside. The boy sprang up and caught her convulsively by the neck.

'Mother, I will tell you,' he broke out; 'but I didn't want to 'cause I'm so 'shamed. It was Farmer Joliffe what hurt me. He did it with a stick, and said I was stealing his apples, but I wasn't, mother, I really wasn't. It was Billy and Jem what told me to do it, 'cause their mother 's so poor, and they said Farmer Joliffe turned them out of their nice cottage, and there was a big beauty apple tree there, and their mother sold the apples and got a lot of money for them. And now they can't get the money, 'cause he won't let them live there; so I was just getting some of his apples to give her; and it wasn't stealing, was it, mother?'

The boy looked up into his mother's face as he ended. There was a red flush on her cheek, and her lips were tightly compressed, but the expression in her eyes left him in doubt as to her sympathy. Sitting down on the bed she gathered him into her arms.

'Tell mother all about it darling,' she said, holding him close to her, and the child, with a great sob of relief, poured out the whole story of the morning's adventure.

The vicar, meanwhile, tired out with the toils of the day, lay at ease in his deep lounge chair in the study below. His book was in his hand, but he was not reading. He was wondering idly why his wife was so long in coming. Of all other hours, this was the one most dearly prized by both, this quiet hour at the end of the day, when, free from the interruptions of work or of social duties, they could enjoy unreservedly each other's society. It was a much-valued time, devoted to the claims of their individual life—a time for talking over past events, or discussing plans for the morrow; more frequently, perhaps, for that sweet converse of silence, only possible between those who are in absolute sympathy with one another, when nothing needs be said and nothing explained, a silence out of which soul answers to soul.

At last the door opened and Mrs. Fenn entered. At once he laid aside his book and stretched his hand towards her, with that bright, tender look which nothing but her presence could evoke.

'What a long time you've been, Helen!'

To his surprise, instead of replying, she came quickly towards him, and, flinging herself on her knees at his side, hid her face on his shoulder. Her whole frame shook with suppressed excitement.

'My darling, what is it?' he exclaimed, clasping his arms about her.

'Oh, Edward, it's that dreadful old man! To think that we should have got into a parish with such a brute as he! He deserves to be horse-whipped himself, and if you only weren't a parson——' She ended in a choking voice, and drew his handkerchief from his pocket to dash away the blinding tears.

The vicar lifted his agitated little wife on his knee, soothing her, as she herself had soothed the child only a short while ago. He knew the impetuous spirit that leaped up under the staid decorum of the clergyman's wife, and he loved her none the less because of that unextinguishable spark of the old nature which every now and again defied the restraining influences of habit or will.

The Rev. Edward Fenn had held his present living only a year. His predecessor had been an easy-going man, indifferent as to services, and lax in visiting. The parish had been much neglected. Mr. Fenn had found it uphill work at first, but on the whole his activity and geniality had gained a good response, and his work amongst the villagers had met with no small success. But there was one of his parishioners upon whom he had been able, so far, to make no impression at all. His friendly overtures had not only been declined, but had been received with positive insult. Farmer Joliffe had a long-standing grudge against the clergy, and he had threatened vengeance in no measured terms if he were interfered with.

Helen had taken a great dislike from the very first to the surly old farmer. His obstrusive insolence was the only blot on her happiness. If only he could have been removed from the parish, how smooth and harmonious their lot would be; but there he was, and there he was likely to remain, a veritable 'thorn in the flesh.'

Even the Vicar himself was disturbed out of his ordinary calm when he heard of his child's encounter with the old man, and his eyes kindled as he listened to his wife's description of the injuries the boy had received. But with a strong effort he choked down the passion of indignation that threatened to overmaster him. Not in vain had he striven for years with a hot and turbulent temper. There were depths beneath the calm that few had fathomed.

Rising, he paced the room with quick, nervous steps. 'My poor boy!' he said at length, when he could control his voice; 'but he is a plucky little fellow, Helen, to have borne his punishment without complaint. Well, I must talk to him in the morning, and we must go down and explain matters to the farmer.'

'You won't take Maurice?'

'I think so, dear. It is only right an apology should be offered, and certainly it should come from the child himself.'

'Edward, I can't allow my boy to be subjected to that old man's coarse insults. Maurice meant no wrong. He doesn't deserve that an apology should be made to him.'

Edward Fenn sat down, and drew his wife again into his arms.

'Darling,' he said, stroking her soft hair tenderly, 'we mustn't let our natural feelings blind our sense of justice. We mustn't allow ourselves to give way to undue resentment. Supposing it had been one of the village lads, Jem or Billy Smith for instance, whom the farmer had caught in his tree. We shouldn't have thought very much of it if he had thrashed him, should we, even supposing the circumstances to be the same?'

'No, perhaps not; but, Edward dear, you couldn't put the two cases on the same level. Maurice is so different—such a fragile, delicate little fellow—it was brutal, simply brutal to treat him like that.'

'Granted, dear; but I hardly think old Joliffe capable of such nice distinctions. Don't think I am defending him; but, after all, we must look at it from his point of view, as well as our own, you know.'

Helen shook her head.

'You can't feel as badly as I do about it, Edward.'

Edward Fenn sighed, but said nothing. His wife, quick to interpret the silence, drew his face against hers, and kissed him.

'How good you are, darling! I know it is wicked of me, but I can't help it. I feel I can never forgive that man.'

'No! no! you mustn't say so, Helen. Who are we to hug our little wrongs and grievances when we ourselves come so far short of the perfect standard!' Then in softer tones he added, 'Besides, my Helen, the unforgiving spirit is not the spirit that conquers,—"Yet shew I unto you a more excellent way."'

Helen was silent. The gentle gravity of her husband's manner was a force to which her spirit was accustomed to yield, even more readily than to that of reasoning or argument. With her cheek against his, and her arm about his neck, they sat together for long afterwards in the gathering dusk, the sweet sense of mutual sympathy overshadowed by that consciousness of Divine benediction without which human love, at its best, is unsatisfying and incomplete.

III.

Farmer Joliffe stood in his corn-field busily engaged among his men stacking the wheat into sheaves. He was in high good-humor. Never in his life had he had so satisfactory a grievance to begin the week with. To have caught the parson's son trespassing would have been gratifying enough, but stealing his apples as well! The parson's son stealing while his father was droning out prayers in church! It was a nut to crack. Well, well, he had always known the parsons were a bad lot, and now he had proved it. The reflection was so pleasing that he could give no proper attention to business, so he worked off his spirits in hearty abuse of his men. They, however, were too well used to it to take much notice. They only observed to one another, with side jerks of their heads, that 'varmer were more'n uncommon crusty.'

The day was nearing towards noon. The men were taking a short rest and refreshing themselves with draughts of cider, the farmer standing in their midst and sharing the beverage with them, when from the other side of the field a small figure was seen approaching.

'Who be a-comin' now?' said one of the men.

'It be Syke's lad,' said another.

'Naw, un bean't. Look at 'im tripping along as if t' stubble was 'ot bricks. My sakes! why, it be parson's lad!'

The farmer straightened himself up and stared as if he could hardly believe his eyes. The little figure was making its way as quickly as it could over the rough stubble straight in his direction.

'Hullo, youngster! what be you a-doin' 'ere?' he roared, taking a step forward.

The boy stopped a moment, lifted his cap

and then came straight on. The old man, unused to such courtesy and rather taken aback, waited till he came closer.

'Didn't I tell 'ee never to set foot on my ground agen?' he demanded gruffly.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then what be 'ee come for? Want another thrashing, do 'ee?'

'Please, sir, I've come to 'polygise.'

'To what?'

'To 'polygise . . . to say I'm sorry I picked your apples. Father says it was wrong to pick them, but I didn't mean to steal them. I was only getting them for somebody else.'

'Eh, what? Getting 'em for somebody else? It was them other lads, then, putting you up to it. Who be 'em? Come now, they desarve a lickin', and they shall 'ave it.'

The child drew back. 'Oh, no, please, I didn't mean to say that. It was for a poor lady I was getting them what wants to sell them.' (Maurice had been warned not to repeat the latter half of the story, for though substantially true, the farmer had only acted within his rights, and therefore could not reasonably be accused of injustice.) Father says it's wicked to take people's things to give to other people,' he continued, 'and please, sir, I'm very sorry, and I won't do it again.'

The farmer looked down at the small, fragile figure, a dawning compunction tugged at his rough old conscience.

'Yer feyther sent 'ee then, did 'ee? Did ye tell 'un what I sez?'

'Yes; and father wanted to come with me, but I said I'd rather come all by myself. Father said you wouldn't hurt me when I only came to 'polygise.'

'Hurt 'ee? No, I ain't going to hurt 'ee.' He took his hat off, scratching his head, and looking down at Maurice again. The fearless simplicity of the child was probing unsuspected depths in his nature.

'You be a cool kid if ever there was one,' he observed after a pause. The problem evidently afforded him some perplexity. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. It was not a solution of the difficulty, certainly, but it answered the purpose as well.

'You be thirsty, I reckon. Would 'ee like a drop of cider.'

The boy looked at it doubtfully. He was half-afraid to refuse, but after an instant of hesitation, candor won the day.

'Well, there, a drop o' milk, then? I be goin' down to the 'ouse. You can come along wi' I.'

A loaded cart was just passing at the time. The farmer hoisted the child up on one of the shafts, and telling him to hold on, kept pace beside him. A tall figure that had been watching the proceedings anxiously from behind the opposite hedge prepared to follow, though at a distance. The team turned out of the field and proceeded slowly towards the farm.

'But I don't know whether I can quite love you just yet,' said the boy presently, eyeing the rough old farmer at his side.

'Eh (Coom up, Drag—on-!) What be talking oboot — 'taint likely as any one should be ut?'

'Father says we should love our enemies,' replied Maurice, gravely, as he watched the flies settle on old Dragon's back.

'Ho! ho!' chuckled the farmer. 'He do, do 'ee. That's the rummest notion ever I 'eard.'

'It's in the bible.'

'Oh! oh! Well, I don't know nowt about that. But 'tain't human natur', that I'd know, and there bain't no sense in ut, as I can see.'

'And it says that we ought to bless those that perse—perse—I forget the word—it's such a long one——'

'Aye, prosecute, you'd mean. 'Ave 'em up afore the magistrates, Ay, I've a prosecuted a many in my time, but I don't know as they'd bless I for ut.'

'What do you prosecute them for?'

'What for? Why, for trespassing and sich-like, of course.'

'But, you shouldn't prosecute them, you know. You should forgive them.'

'Forgive 'em, eh? Naw, naw, that bain't my way, young master.'

'Well, but God can't forgive us, if we don't forgive other people. I didn't want to forgive you yesterday, and I didn't say so in my prayers either, but father says I ought to, and he read me a story about it out of the bible this morning. Don't you ever read the bible, Farmer Joliffe?'

'Naw,—naw,—leastwise not neow, I'd mind when my feyther read it. There was a lot about 'ell fire in ut, as far as I can recollect. I don't mind much else.'

'I think I could find that story,' said Maurice, eagerly; 'It's somewhere near the picture of Jesus with the little children. I'll show it to you.'

'I don't know as I've got a bible,' said the old man, slowly; 'but p'raps Martha she'd know for one.'

Arrived at the farmyard he lifted the boy down, and calling to his old housekeeper to 'get the lad a hunch o' cake and a drink o' milk,' pointed him the way into the kitchen. Following himself a few minutes later, the sound of voices directed him to the musty parlor, where he found Martha mounted on a chair, unearthing a big dilapidated book from under a quantity of rubbish on a top shelf. The dust of years was on its dingy cover.

'Tain't no use now 'cept to stand the old chaney on,' said she apologetically, wiping it with her apron.

The boy turned over the pages eagerly. Then looking up with an expression of mingled doubt and disappointment,—

'But there aren't any pictures here at all. Is this a bible really?'

'Ay, ay, it's a bible, right enough,' said Martha.

'Maybe all bibles bain't the same,' suggested the farmer.

'I think I could find what you want, if you will let me try,' said a manly voice from the doorway.

All the three heads bending over the big book on the table turned at the sound. Edward Fenn, his face glowing with quiet triumph, stood looking at the group. Maurice, a great slice of cake still in his hand, sprang forward at sight of his father. The farmer drew back; but Mr. Fenn held out his hand with so winning a smile that, after a moment's hesitation, the old man decided to haul down his colors, and coming forward took it in his rough, hearty grip.

Maurice eagerly explained the difficulty, and begged his father to find the story. Mr. Fenn drew a chair to the table.

'And perhaps Farmer Joliffe will let me read it to him,' said he, turning the leaves rapidly. The farmer grunted and sat down, the old woman slipped into a chair, Maurice stood at his father's side,, and there, in the dingy, disused parlor, with the glorious summer sun illuminating the yellow page of the old well-worn bible, the clergyman read once more the wonderful parable of the unforgiving servant. Then, in a voice that trembled with deep and reverential awe, he went on to interpret its meaning, and to expound to his attentive listeners the great and marvellous mystery of the forgiveness and love of God.

* * * * * * *

The church clock was striking eleven on the following Sunday morning. The loiterers in the church-yard had turned in and taken their accustomed places. The organ had already begun to sound when the latest of late-comers passed with shuffling gait under the shadow of the porch and entered the open door. A suit of black that had not seen the light for over thirty years, rendered his appearance as conspicuous as did the cleanliness of his face and the oily smoothness of his head, but no one for a moment mistook the old man's identity—it was Farmer Joliffe.

His strategy for avoiding the comments of his neighbors by no means secured his immunity from observation. All eyes were fixed on him, as it seemed, in one great Gorgon stare, as he crept in and looked helplessly round. But not a soul came forward to relieve his embarrassment. The sextons, in their rusty black, positively shrank away from him as at the approach of an enemy; the Sunday-school children giggled, the elder boys and girls began whispering together. But as he stood in the doorway shuffling uneasily from one foot to the other, and sheepishly twirling his hat behind him, suddenly little Maurice Fenn came down the aisle, and taking him by the hand led him straight up to the vicarage pew.

Then as they saw the rough old farmer kneeling with bent head beside the vicar's son, an audible gasp of astonishment went through the church. Each man looked in his neighbor's face, each seeing in each a reflection of his own.

From his place at the reading-desk the clergyman was reciting in solemn, earnest tones:—

'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

'If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

## If the Lord Should Come.

If the Lord should come in the morning
As I went about my work,
The little things and the quiet things
That a servant cannot shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
And only the dear Lord cares
That they always are done in the light of the sun,
Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street;
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?
Would he take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers in wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest;
Would his touch of my hand, his low command,
Bring me unhoped-for zest?

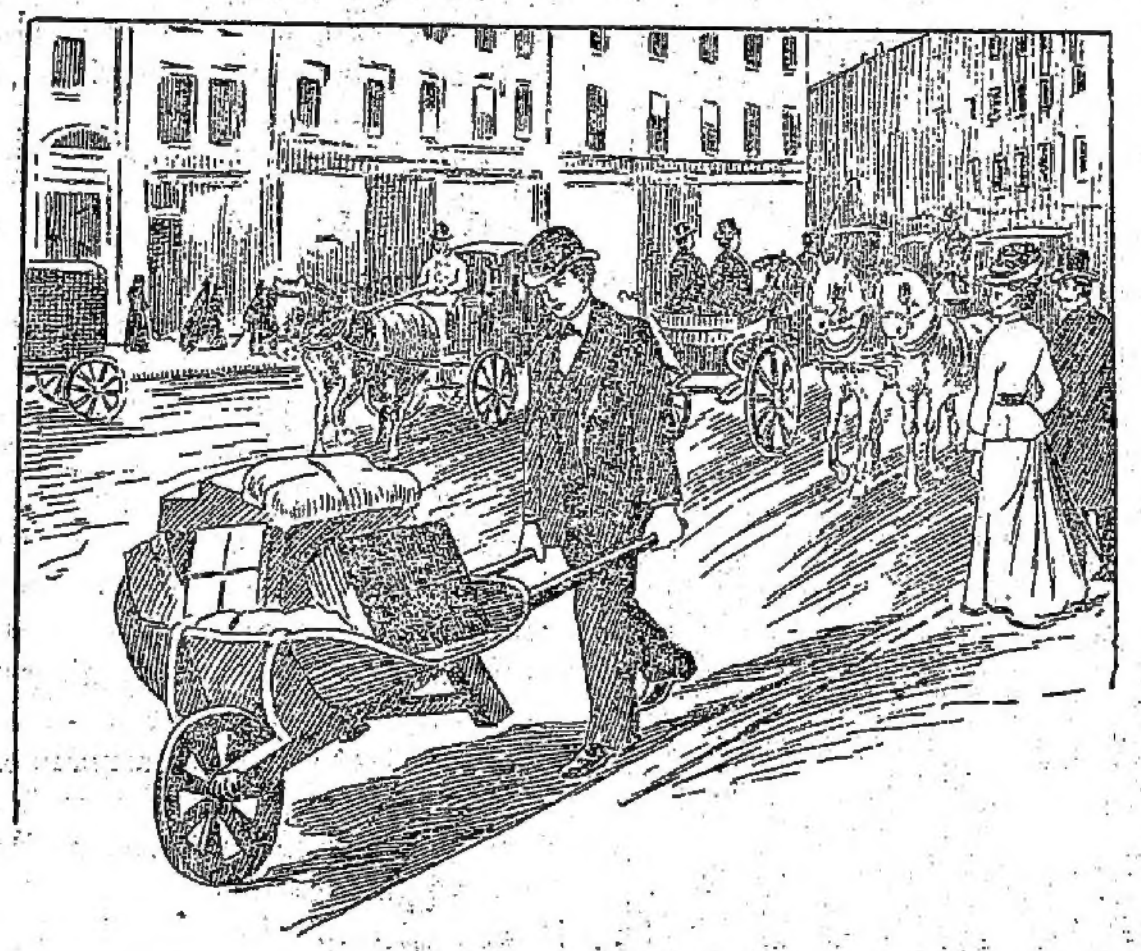
Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me,
Morning and noon and evening,
If I have but eyes to see,
And the daily load grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here
I have only to sit at his feet.

—Margaret Sangster.

## The Wheelbarrow Start.

I can name at least four great and prosperous business houses in leading Eastern cities whose pedigrees run straight back to push-carts and pedlers' outfits.

John Wanamaker delivered his first order in a wheelbarrow. He has just started Oak Hall in Philadelphia. He and his father together had barely $4,000 capital. There was rent to pay in advance. There were goods to buy,—cash a little, credit a great deal. There was help to hire and fitting up to do. The $4,000 was stretched to its utmost. When the first order came, everyone was on edge to fill it the best possible, and the head of the house put the big bundle in a barrow and wheeled it to the customer. More than that; the $34 he received was taken to a printing-office and all paid out for an advertisement of the new firm.



JOHN WANAMAKER WHEELING HIS FIRST ORDER TO A CUSTOMER

In a country town of perhaps a thousand people, years ago, I knew a trader whose entire stock at starting did not exceed one hundred dollars in value. If any of the other dealers noticed him at all, it was to laugh at him and make fun at his expense. But whatever he had to sell was good. If he agreed to furnish butter or apples to a customer there was never any question as to quality or quantity. The butter was fresh, the eggs were fresh, the apples were never 'topped out.' Anyone who had been served by him once was pretty sure to go again and advise others to go. In a year or so he was doing a very tidy business, and other merchants were very serious when they talked of the competition he gave them. Within four years he had the largest trade of any store in all that section. He simply did business better than his rivals were doing it, and self-interest turned the people to him.

Again I say that the 'genius' that builds a business is singleness of purpose, tireless industry, wise economy, and such a presentation as will appeal to the self-interest of the public,—if the business is one that depends upon free-will popular support.—Manley M. Gillam, in 'Success.'

## One Small Girl's Error.

A great mystery has been cleared up, and Rev. James Plumbley, pastor of South church, Nunda, N. Y., vindicated. The trouble was all started by a little child in district school No. 8, who rushed home from school and cried, 'Teacher said Mr. Plumbley was a blackleg.'

The report spread,and by night had reached the ears of not only the Rev. Mr. Plumbley, but the trustees of the church. The teacher was not mentioned as the author. The good old deacons and elders were shocked. They called a special meeting and Mr. Plumbley was urged to explain the charge. He could not, and the deacons and trustees decided to close the church until matters could be satisfactorily straightened out by the almost heart-broken and desperate pastor. Then the Rev. Mr. Plumbley started to visit every house to run down the report. After two days' diligent inquiries he traced the story to the little girl. She said the teacher had said it and went with him to the teacher's house.

The school teacher protested her innocence in having started the rumor, but the little girl said: 'Why ,teacher, don't you remember in the geography class the other day you told us that Mr. Plumbley was a black leg?'

The schoolmarm's eyes brightened. She explained that she had only said that 'plumbago was black lead,' and her remark must have been misunderstood and translated to 'Plumbley was a black-leg.'

The cloud was lifted, and the little South church is again open for worship. The story has an obvious moral.—'Michigan Advocate.'

## Darkness and Light.

'Everything I have is in this book,' exclaimed a Christian Sioux, when he was asked why he kept his bible beside him. 'I like it near me, for I want to look in now and then. Words from it do me good. I was in the night a long time, but the sun has risen, and now I am in the light and so keep the book near me.'—'Everybody's Magazine.'

## Work and Win.

The sweetest cherries, mind you, lad,
  Grow highest on the tree;
And would you win the fairest fruit,
  One thing I'll say to thee:
It falls not at the clicking gay
  Of any idler's pelf—
You'll have to climb the rugged tree,
  And gather for yourself.

'Tis vain to wait the fruit to fall,
  Or pelt the tree with stones—
You'll have to struggle bravely up,
  And risk some broken bones;
You only waste your time below,
  And get indifferent pay—
If you would reach the ripest fruit,
  Just throw your fears away.

'Tis so with everything in life
  That's worth the owning, lad—
With learning, wealth, and character—
  The best the good and great have had;
They come not at the nod or 'hest
  Of any idle hand;
'Tis only those who bravely toil
  May have them at command.

If, then, you want the ripest fruit,
  Just labor till you win;
But mind thee, boy, while up you climb,
  Keep heart and hand from sin;
The best and grandest guerdon, lad,
  If bought with wicked wage,
No peace and comfort yields at last,
  But curses on your age.
—'Silver Link.'

## 'Never too Late to Mend.'

Mr. Charles Harley Smith tells in the 'Epworth Herald' this story of a man who, at nineteen years of age, was too ignorant to read a price card, and now has an important position in a large factory, a pleasant home and carefully reared, happy children:

'When I was nineteen years of age a friend and I were walking down a village street. Pointing to a bottle in a druggist's display window my companion said: "Isn't that perfumery expensive—seventy-five cents for such a small bottle?" "How do you know," I asked, "that it is seventy-five cents?" Drawing me up to the window he replied, with emphasis: "Don't you see on that card the figures '7' and '5' with a sign for cents, in order, one following the other? What do you suppose it can mean if not seventy-five cents?" That awakened me as I had never been before to a sense of my ignorance, for I could not read. Soon after this experience a lady at the home where I was boarding urged me, as she had done before, to attend church with her. My refusal led to conversation in which she asked: "Are you going to follow in the footsteps of your father?" All that afternoon I lay on the grass in the orchard thinking very hard. Too illiterate to read a price card, deprived of the education I desired and needed by the drinking habits of my father, yet following in his footsteps! That was my life's turning-point. Within a few weeks I had made the four decisions to which I owe all the success I have attained:

'I will be a total abstainer, never again using intoxicating liquor as a beverage. I will be observing, watching closely the methods of work, speech and manners of my associates who are most successful. I will be industrious, working faithfully during the day and devoting the evenings to study—attending evening classes when possible. I will be religious. At first I attended church and Sunday-school for the educational and social advantages alone, but soon became convinced of the realities of Christian faith, gave my heart to God and united with the church.

'I had a tardy start toward a happy, successful life but even then it was not too late.'—'Temperance Banner.'

## Faithful Jock.

Our postman's dog, Jock, is a very noble old fellow. He has always been a favorite, but we have loved him better ever since last Christmas-time, when he did something which showed us what a faithful creature he is.

His master was driving through our village on his way to take the letters to the large post-office in the town; Jock, as usual, sat in the cart beside him, and they were going along all right when suddenly the horse was struck on its head by a snowball, which had been thrown by a naughty boy, who was hidden behind a tree.

NO ONE DARED TO LIFT HIM OUT.

The horse was so startled that it jumped to the side of the road, and the next moment the cart was overturned on a stone-heap.

Some people who were in the cottages close by heard the noise and ran out. They found that the poor postman was badly injured. A gentleman, who drove up at the time, kindly took him to the hospital, and took the letter-bags to the post-office.

The horse was led home, and the broken cart was drawn under a tree to be left until the morning.

Where was Jock?

He had jumped back into the cart, and he would not get out of it. No one dared to try to lift him out, for when a hand was stretched towards him, he growled and showed his teeth.

He stayed there in the cold all that night; but, in the morning when the postman's brother, Arthur, came and called him, Jock got out at once.

We were surprised at this, but Arthur told us why Jock had behaved so. It was because he had been taught that it was his duty to take care of the cart when his master was not in it, and not to get out of it without leave from him or some one belonging to him.

When we heard this, we were very pleased with dear Jock, and, as I have said, we have loved him better ever since.—'The Prize.'

## Gerald and His Giant.

(Little Men and Women.)

A large, dimly-lighted room, with fire flickering behind a wire guard in a grate. A table set for dinner with dainty care, silver, glass, spotless linen. Flowers in crystal vases, pink candles, with little pink shades, in tall silver candlesticks, in the centre a bowl full of hot-house fruit, peaches, pears, great bunches of white and dusky grapes. At the side of the table a boy of six in a velvet suit, with a mane of yellow 'lovelocks' falling over his shoulders, looking wistfully at the fruit. He reaches forward: he breaks off a bunch of grapes.

'They're papa's grapes,' he says, half aloud. 'He always gives me his things.'

Then he crams the fruit into his mouth eating very fast, and in spite of his brave words, he is very careful to conceal the seeds of the grapes he devours in the palm of the other hand. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!

This small stealer of grapes was Gerald Ashley, the son of an English army officer, who had left the army when someone died and left him a fortune, and had come to live as a country gentleman on the estate of Cleave Hall.

Gerald did not recollect India very clearly because he was but two years old when he left it, but he was quite sure that he loved England best. And, indeed, Cleave Hall was the very sort of home for a boy to be happy in, so big and roomy, with a park full of old oaks and a garden full of old roses, and such nice bridle paths among the trees to ride ponies on, and a stable where rabbits and guinea-pigs were not only allowed, but encouraged. Any boy could be happy in a place like that, and Gerald was very happy. He liked it all, and he liked being the only boy, and in

consequence petted and cossetted by every one.

There was one exception. Colonel Ashley did not pet Gerald. He was on the contrary rather grave and peremptory with him, though always kind, and I think it showed what a fine little fellow Gerald was at bottom that he loved his father best of all. He would do almost anything to win a word of praise from him, for he admired him immensely. He was so brave and splendid, he had a sword which he had worn in battles. Gerald was sometimes allowed to hold it in his hand, and that was indeed a proud moment for him. He passionately desired to be approved by his father, so you may imagine how he felt when as he popped the last grape into his mouth and turned to go into the drawing room with the seeds squeezed tight in his hot little hand, a rather stern voice demanded, 'What have you there, Gerald? What are you eating?'

'Grapes, papa.'

Gerald's cheeks were very red, but he made no attempt to evade the truth.

'Where did you get them?'

'I took them off the table,' replied Gerald, his cheeks growing still redder.

'Did you have leave to do so from anyone?'

Gerald began to feel quite miserable. 'No, papa,' he said, in a low voice.

'Oh, you stole them!'

There was a scornful tone in the quiet voice which cut Gerald to the heart.

'Papa—indeed, indeed—I didn't. I never meant—they were your grapes, I thought.'

'Mine? Yes, but did you ask my leave to take them?'

Gerald did not reply. A lump had come in his throat. He felt very much like crying.

'Now, Gerald,' said Col. Ashley, sitting down and drawing the child closer to him, 'let us talk this matter over. We are friends, you and I, are we not?'

'Oh, papa—yes, yes.'

The little voice was choky.

'You know how we have talked very often about what bravery consists of, and how fine it is to be brave. Now, to be brave, one must begin with little things and learn how gradually. No boy ever has giant's heads to cut off in these days. If he wants to grow up into a brave man he must educate himself by fighting with small things which are the same to him—tempers, temptations, little faults, and conquering them one by one. When you took those grapes you lost your little battle.'

'Papa, I never thought of that—I only, I only—thought of the grapes.'

'Yet—but all the same you were beaten. It is mean and ill. And to steal things—even very little things—a gentleman and a brave man will not do it. Remember this, Gerald.'

'I will—indeed I will,' protested Gerald with energy. It seemed at the moment quite easy to resist temptation.

But four nights after this, Colonel Ashley, coming home earlier than usual, saw a little figure slipping in through the dining-room door. His face grew dark, but he followed and stood in the shadow of a screen to watch what should take place. Very slowly the little feet went across the room toward the table. The candles were lit and the watcher could see the boy's face as he stood looking intently toward the bowl of fruit on the top of which shone a large peach with a cheek like a ripe rose.

Three times the little hand extended itself toward the peach, and three it was drawn back. At last the hand went out for the fourth time and took the peach. Gerald looked at the beautiful fruit, smelled it, hesitated; then he began slowly to move toward the door. Col. Ashley watched him grimly and gravely, without a word. At the very door, Gerald stayed his steps, stood still for a moment thinking, then turned, hurried back to the table, put the big peach in the bowl exactly where it had been before, and almost ran out of the room as if afraid to look again toward the temptation which had so nearly overcome him.

Col. Ashley smiled to himself behind the screen, a very pleased and happy smile.

'Thank God,' he said to himself. 'There is a real giant overcome. My boy is stronger than I thought.'

Presently he went into the drawing-room, where he found Gerald sitting gravely by the fire, quite ready to hear a story; and neither the father nor the son said a word to each other about the big peach and the temptation vanquished. Both were secretly happy, especially Gerald—for to learn your own approbation is even better than to win the approval of some one else. And when one has fought with self and won, there is a sense of inward growth and valor which is particularly pleasant even when you are only six years old.

## Making Friends.

My animal family consists of a dog and a cat, says a writer in 'Our Animal Friends.' The dog is a long-time pet; the kitten is a new-comer. I hesitated to take her because Dick detested cats, but this kitten was a diplomatist, and she and Dick became fast friends. Just after her arrival Dick went to sleep on a large rug in the sitting-room, after curling himself round so that there was a little vacant circle between his body and his legs. The cat, who had been playing at my feet, grew tired and looked about for a sleeping place.

Suddenly she spied Dick, and her indecision vanished. With the greatest deliberation she curled herself up in the circle of his legs and went to sleep.

Presently Dick awoke. He raised his head lazily, and was about to drop it again when he caught sight of the cat. I shall never forget the comical look that came into his eyes. No human countenance ever expressed utter astonishment more plainly than Dick's. For several moments he gazed at the cat as if doubting the evidence of his senses, too much bewildered to bark. Then he slowly reached over and gently nipped the cat's ear.

Cutter gave her head a shake, to dislodge a fly, and slept on. Then Dick, who seemed to be experimenting, gave the ear a harder nip. This time Cutter started out of her sleep, raised her head, comprehended the cause of her trouble, promptly clawed the dog's nose with one little paw, and straightway resumed her sleep.

For the next five minutes Dick's face was a study, as he lay looking at her. Then, evidently giving up the puzzle, he lay down again and slept too.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 5.

## Nehemiah's Prayer.

Nehemiah I., 1-11. Memory verses 8-10. Read Chapter II.

### Golden Text.

'Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day.'—Neh. I., 11.

### Home Readings.

M. Neh. 1. Nehemiah's Prayer
T. Neh. 2: 1-11. The request granted.
W. Neh. 2: 12-20. A good resolve.
Th. Lev. 26: 40-46. Confession and forgiveness.
F. Duet. 30: 1-10. Precious promises.
S. I Kings 8: 46-53. Solomon's prayer.
Su. Psalm 80. Turn us, O Lord!

### Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. The words of Ne-he-mi'ah the son of Hach-a-li'ah. And it came to pass in the month Chi'leu, in the twentieth year, as I was in Shu'shan the palace,

School.—2. That Ha-na'ni, one of my brethren, came, he and certain men of Ju'dah; and I asked them concerning the Jews that had escaped, which were left of the captivity, and concerning Je-ru'sa-lem.

3. And they said unto me, The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Je-ru'sa-lem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire.

4. And it came to pass, when I heard these words, that I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven,

5. And said, I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love him and observe his commandments:

6. Let thine ear now be attentive, and thine eyes open, that thou mayest hear the prayer of thy servant, which I pray before thee now, day and night, for the children of Is'ra-el thy servants, and confess the sins of the children of Is'ra-el, which we have sinned against thee: both I and my father's house have sinned.

7. We have dealt very corruptly against thee, and have not kept the commandments, nor the statutes, nor the judgments, which thou commandedst thy servant Mo'ses.

8. Remember, I beseech thee, the word that thou commandedst thy servant Mo'ses saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations:

9. But if ye turn unto me, and keep my commandments, and do them; though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set my name there.

10. Now these are thy servants and thy people, whom thou hast redeemed by thy great power, and by thy strong hand.

11. O Lord, I beseech thee, let now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who desire to fear thy name: and prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man. For I was the king's cupbearer.

### Suggestions.

Nehemiah, son of Hachaliah, probably of the tribe of Judah, was a young man in a very important and influential position at the court of Artaxerxes Longimanus, son of the Xerxes known in bible history as Ahasuerus.

Nehemiah was 'cupbearer,' a position of peculiar privilege as the king's life was practically in his hands. The despotic Eastern ruler must choose a trusty man for such a position, else an enemy might easily bribe the cupbearer to poison the king's wine. A very young man with wealth and position and great prospects before him, yet a true hearted man, loyal to his God and to his countrymen. Such was the man whom God choose for the relief and upbuilding of his people.

In the twentieth year of Artaxerxes, B.C., 445-444, thirteen years after the first journey of Ezra to Jerusalem, one day in the month Chisleu or December, Nehemiah received news which made him very sad. Hanani, either his own brother or a relative, came with some others of the tribe of Judah from Jerusalem and told with sorrow of the misery and disgrace which had come upon the men of Jerusalem, because of their enemies and their own feebleness. The inhabitants of the country around, ever since the first refusal from Zerubbabel (Ezra iv., 1-4) of aid from them, had harassed and discomfitted the Jews in every possible way. They had stopped them in their work of building, and then destroyed what work was already done. They pillaged and plundered and murdered the Jews, whose friends they had at first professed to be.

When Nehemiah heard this sad news, his heart was filled with grief for the afflictions of his countrymen and he mourned for their sorrows. For four months he prayed and fasted before God, confessing his sins and the sins of his people, and claiming the promises of forgiveness and restoration. The sins were those of unbelief, disloyalty and disobedience. If the returned exiles had been faithful and kept trusting Jehovah, he would have continued to do mighty works in their behalf, subduing their enemies and prospering their work. But they had allowed the trials to separate them from God instead of pressing them closer to him. As one might take a lump of plastic clay and place it on a rock, with a trowel one could either press the clay fast to the rock, or separate them almost entirely. We are the clay, God is the Rock, and affliction is the knife which will either press us closer to the God of all comfort, or separate us from him—just as we choose.

Nehemiah's prayer is mostly composed of Scriptural phrases, showing him to have been a student of God's word. He realized that the passing events were the fulfilment of prophecy, which gave him all the more keenness in appreciating and claiming the fulfilment of the accompanying promises of mercy and prosperity. When the time came for Nehemiah to speak to the king, he definitely asked God to prosper him, and God gave him the opportunity, and the words, and the favor of the king. So the king allowed Nehemiah to go to Jerusalem, taking with him an armed escort and letters of credit from the king. And the believing prayer of Nehemiah was answered.

### The Bible Class.

*Prosper*—Josh. i., 7: Deut. xxix., 9: Ps. xxxv., i., 3; xxxvii., 7: Gen. xxiv., 56: Isa. liv., 17: I. Cor. xvi., 2: iii. John 2.

Prayer—Zech. viii., 21: Ps. lv., 16, 17: Luke x., 2; xxi., 36; xxii., 31, 32: Eph. vi., 18: Phil. i., 9: Rom. viii., 26.

### Primary Lesson.

Nehemiah was a favorite with king Artaxerxes, he was young and handsome and rich, but he did not trust in himself at all.

If you had asked the people at the court whether the young Jew was a good man or not, they probably would have told you that he was very good indeed. But no man is righteous in the sight of God, for he sees into every corner of our heart, and knows our most hidden thoughts. Things in our hearts may be hidden from the people around us, and even from ourselves, but God knows all about them, and is ready to forgive them all.

Nehemiah spent much time in confessing to God his own sins and the sins of his people before he asks for favors. Until we have asked God to forgive us and cleanse us from our sins, it is very little use to pray for any thing else, because he will not listen to an unrepentant rebel. But when we become the children of God, we can ask great things of him and expect answers.

Nehemiah prayed very often and for a long time to God before he even dared to speak to the king about what was in his heart. So we can talk to our heavenly Father about things we could not tell to anyone else. And we can be sure he hears us, even if the answer is a long time in coming.

### C. E Topic.

Nov. 5.—A new name. Gen. 32: 24-29; Rev. 2: 17.

### Junior C. E.

Nov. 5.—How to walk in the light. I. John 1: 5-7; 2: 6-11.

## Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XXII.

LAWS CONCERNING TOBACCO.

1. Q.—What action did Queen Elizabeth take on the tobacco question?

A.—She published an edict against its use, 'as a demoralizing vice tending to reduce her subjects to the condition of those savages whose habits they imitated.'

2. Q.—Who first opposed the cultivation of tobacco?

A.—King James I. of England, who, in 1622, urged the growing of mulberry trees for the feeding of silk worms as being more valuable than the growing of tobacco.

3. Q.—What decided step did he take?

A.—King James I. prohibited the importation of foreign tobacco as well as the planting of tobacco in England or Ireland in 1624.

4. Q.—How long did this last?

A.—Until his death in 1625.

5. Q.—Nome some other noted persons who opposed the use of tobacco?

A.—King Charles I., King Charles II., and Oliver Cromwell.

6. What class of people were bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco?

A.—The Puritans were sincere haters of tobacco, not only in England but in America.

7. Q.—How does Hutton describe a Puritan?

A.—As one who 'abhors a satin suit, a velvet cloak, and says tobacco is the devil's smoke.'

8. Q.—What step did certain Popes and rulers take toward the suppression of tobacco?'

A.—The Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent XI., in the seventeenth century, were opposed to its use, and the priests and Sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime.

Sultan Amuret IV., decreeing its punishment by the most cruel kind of death. The pipes of smokers were thrust through their noses in Turkey; and in Russia the noses of smokers were cut off, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

9. Q.—What do we learn from the British Quarterly Review?

A.—'That in China the soldier who smokes tobacco is bambooed.'

10. Q.—What acts were passed in Boston in 1818?

A.—First, 'Every person who shall smoke or have in his or her possession, any lighted pipe or cigar in the street, lane, or passageway, or any wharf in said city, shall forfeit and pay for each and every offence the sum of two dollars.'

Second, 'And further, if any person shall have in his or her possession in any ropo walk, or barn, or stable, any fire, lighted pipe, or cigar, the person so offending shall forfeit and pay for each and every offence a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars, and not less than twent dollars.'

11. Q.—Were these acts ever enforced?

A.—The first was not enforced, and in 1880 was repealed. The second, which is a law necessary to safety, is still in force in Boston.

12. Q.—Is smoking allowed in the United States government schools?

A.—No, both smoking and chewing are forbidden in the Military Academy at West Point, and the Naval School at Annapolis.

13. Q.—What new rule has the faculty of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, passed?

A.—No student who smokes can obtain a scholarship of the college.

14. Q.—What action has the State of Vermont taken with regard to the use of tobacco?

A.—The Legislature of Vermont has wisely forbidden both teachers and pupils in public schools to use tobacco.

15. Q.—What action has New Jersey taken on the subject?

A.—An act was passed prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and tobacco in any form to minors.

16. Q.—What law has Kansas recently passed in regard to tobacco?

A.—It has passed a law prohibiting the

sale of tobacco and other narcotics to minors under sixteen years of age.

17. Q.—What other states forbid the sale of tobacco to minors?

A.—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Iowa, and bills are before several state legislatures, asking for a similar law.

The penalty for selling cigarettes to a boy or girl under sixteen years of age in New Hampshire has been made $20. for each offence.

18. Q.—What act was passed in 1881 in Massachusetts, after women voted on the education question?

A.—'During any town meeting held for the election of national, state, county or town officers, no person shall make or have in his possession any lighted pipe, cigarette, or cigar, in any town hall where such meeting is being held.' Persons who violated the act were ordered out of the hall.

19. Q.—What action has San Diego, and a few other cities of California taken?

A.—They have passed a law prohibiting the selling of cigarettes to boys.

20. Q.—What action has Santa Cruz, California, taken in regard to the use of tobacco?

A.—Santa Cruz, California, prohibits the use of tobacco by any persons under 18 years of age, under penalty of $5 to $50, or twenty days in jail.

Some schools in California and other states decline to receive students who use tobacco.

## Crime and Sorrow.

Five-sixths of all the men who meet their death on the scaffold go there through drink, was the evidence borne by Sir William Harcourt, after long acquaintance with the Home Office. 'Drunkards form a class that comprises at least 50 percent, of the convicted prisoners in this country,' was a statement made in the General Prisons' Board Report of 1896. That was a very safe and moderate official estimate of the fruits of the traffic as seen in the number of drink-marred lives coming within official cognizance. But if we call up those who are fitted to speak by long service and special opportunities for observation, and take their evidence, we shall find it far more terrible and damaging. 'Drunkenness is mainly the cause of the commoner sorts of crime, and if England could be made sober, three-fourths of her jails might be closed.' —'At a moderate estimate something like nineteen-twentieths of the crime that has to be tried in courts is due to drink,' were among the latest testimonies of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. And after all such statements do but present one class of 'fruits,' and not by any means the saddest and most poignant. These need to be sought for. They lie hidden away beneath the leaves of the great Upas tree, and are borne of the home-life of the people. They are seen in the drink-wreck lives of fathers, mothers, sons, or daughters; in the homes, blighted and scourged by the drink plague; in the crippled and wasted forms of little children; in the God-given beauty of girlhood downtrodden in the mire of the streets. Exaggeration! Is it possible to find language lurid enough to reveal the traffic in its true light, or strong enough to fitly denounce it in face of the evidence of its own fruits? We doubt it. Yet let the people judge. It is they who suffer and know best.—'Alliance News.'

Referring to the use of alcoholic wine at the communion, Rev. John McNeill has said: 'Some people asked: How can anybody be the worse for the single sip? But great doors turn upon small hinges, and this question of the kind of wine used to form one of the elements of communion is not as small as it looks, and I am not so scoffing about it as I used to be. I am getting more and more serious about it. The fact is, that every time I come near drink, my gorge rises more and more against it. I do not like that perfume in the church on the Sabbath day. I do not like to be compelled to see this drink, which is my main obstacle, the one thing that is causing so much misery and misbelief, the type of the greatest blessing that has come to us. It is at once the greatest curse, and it symbolizes the greatest blessing that has come to the world. Now, that cannot be right. I wish the church of God would rise up and thoroughly purge and purify herself from all complicity with this thing.'

# Correspondence

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—I live in the township of Oro in a place called Mitchell Square. We live in a large house, and only have half an acre of land. My father keeps a past-office and general store. I have a dog and in the winter he draws me. ROY.

Sarnia.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet cat. We call it Tom. She has kittens. There was a drunk man down on the dock. He fell in and he was pulled out. I have an aunt who lives at Grossbeck; she runs a boarding-house. She has about ten boarders. My grandfather had a rooster, and he could crow; but he got drowned. He fell in the swill-barrel. He was looking for pie-crusts. Good bye.

M. B., aged ten.

Spring Valley.

Dear Editor,—I will be twelve years old in November. My father is in Manitoba. I have got a little baby brother. I have had a good time in my holidays, at my uncles', in North Augusta, and Glenbuell. I think Clara is getting quite a shower of compliments for her description of crossing the prairie. I was interested in it also. I belong to the Mission-Band, and am going to it to-morrow. I am in the Senior Fourth. I am going to try the entrance next year. We have thirteen cows and two horses, and a number of hens.

EVA M. D., aged eleven.

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Will you kindly permit me to write a few lines for your column. This is the season of the year when cider is being made; some people do not see the evil the use of this drink leads to, but it is what often starts a drunkard's career. Two young men who were intoxicated blamed their mother for it, saying she had trained them up to wish for falsely stimulating drink instead of water, and the appetite had grown until they had become addicted to the strongest of liquors, and as a natural result they were found drunk on the street. A young man in a cider mill was asked why he never drank that beverage. His reply was that his employer always bought up, or gathered from his own orchard, all the wormy and diseased apples to grind for cider, and he did not wish to drink worm juice. LOO.

East Mines Station, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the railway. We can see the trains pass every day. I have two sisters and three brothers. I go to school and I am in the VII. grade, but I am going in the VIII. grade soon. We have a very nice teacher, her name is Miss Purdy. We have not a very large school, there are only twenty-four enrolled, but I expect there will be more in the winter. HAZEL NUT. (aged 12.)

Edna Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' for two years and I enjoy reading it very much. We have in all nine geese, 31 ducks, 25 turkeys, and 42 hens and chickens. One of my hens Topknot hatched seventeen chickens out of sixteen eggs and all lived. Our three young sows had 17 pigs last month. We call our little lamb Wub. Good-by. JULIA WHITESIDE.

[Thank you very much for the charming bouquet of dried grass and flowers. It was so prettily arranged.—Ed.]

Plainville.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter that I have written to the 'Messenger' and I hope that I shall get it printed in the 'Correspondence.' I take the 'Messenger' and enjoy reading it. I go to school every day. I walk two miles to school, I am in the fourth book. I have two brothers and three sisters and one nephew. I have a dog called Collie. I have made a quilt and it has seventy-two blocks in it. I wish some other girl would correspond with me.

Your friend, A. E. H. (aged 11.)

Musquash.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write another letter to the Messenger.' My aunt and cousin are visiting me. We are going to have a party to-morrow over at our grandpa's. We have a little pup, we have no name for him. I have just been up to my cousin's visiting her. We have no school here this term. Our last teacher's name was Miss Norrad. My brothers are fishing now. We have a great time here in winter sliding on the ice. I have one little sister, her name is Pearle Irene, she is going to go to the city with her aunt,

EFFIE, (aged 13.)

Ormstown, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl and this is the first time that I have written to the Northern Messenger.' We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a great number of years, and I am very fond of reading it. I have about a mile to walk to Sunday-School. We live on a farm and have quite a long drive to go to church. This summer our minister has been on a trip to the Old Country, and we have had different ministers filling his place while he was away, and we all missed him very much; he has returned home, and we are all glad to see him. Your's truly, ALMA B. F.

Musquash.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city. I am now visiting my cousin. We are having a fine time. I had three rows in the boat since I came on. I am taking lessons on the organ. I haven't been out for berries yet. I am at my aunt's beautiful summer residence; we can look out the window and see the sea. The beach is right down below the house. My cousin was up visiting me two weeks ago. Your's truly.

EULALIE M. T. (aged 11.)

Derby, Mont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from this part of the world, I thought I would write one and it is my first one. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for almost a year. An uncle in Ontario kindly sent it to me for a Christmas present and I think it a lovely little paper. I live in the beautiful Bitter Rock Valley, which is a nice place to live. We are surrounded by mountains on all sides and the beautiful Bitter Root River runs through the centre of the Valley. I have two little brothers, their names are Fred and Lloyd, and we are coming to Canada some time. We have a grandpa and aunty and uncles, there whom we have never seen. LESTER McL.

Crouland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school every day. I have a good teacher, her name is Miss Stamp. I am in the fourth book. I have four sisters and one brother. We attend Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Henderson. I like her very much, and we get the 'Messenger' there, and we all like reading your paper. I always like to read the letters and 'Little Folks' page. I live quite close to Niagara Falls, and we went there this summer to the park and spent a pleasant day. I have been there quite a number of times. MARTHA L. W.

Anna, O.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever tried to write. I have two brothers and a sister older than myself, and a brother younger than myself. I have two kittens, their names are Punch and Carey. I have a pretty Jersey heifer, her name is Pinky, and a lot of hens and chickens. I have attended the Sunday-school every Sunday this summer, our teacher's name is Mr. John Riddle. Our day school teacher's is Mr. Chambers. I was in Owen Sound on the 12th of Aug. Uncles, aunts and cousins came over from Midland on the 'Majestic' and spent a very pleasant day. We arrived home at ten o'clock at night. We had the first snow of the season Sept. 30. We live in a backward road and cannot go to school steadily in the winter time. I am in Junior part second. I am eleven years old.

Your's truly, MARY J. H.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## How Mrs. Pearson Managed.

(Cottager and Artisan.)

'Pray tell me how you manage to get meat every day, Mrs. Pearson,' said a young married woman to her neighbor. 'If I call before dinner, I always smell a stew or soup cooking. My husband says I don't give him anything worth eating, and frizzle his money away in chops and steaks. Do the best I can, he's never satisfied; and I declare I'm getting downright unhappy.' Thus speaking, Mrs. White seated herself on the nearest chair and began to cry.

'Let me see if I can help you. I loved your mother, and I'd be glad to help her daughter, and bring sunshine into her home, if I could. What's the matter?'

'Nothing more than usual now. Tom and I don't hit off married life well; he expects too much of me, and grumbles at his dinners almost every day. If I give him good meat, he says I spend too fast; if I give him no meat, he's angry. Sixteen shillings a-week isn't much to keep house on, and everything to find!'

'It's enough and to spare, Mary, well managed. Can you remember what you've had for dinner every day this week.'

'Oh, yes. it's easy to do that. Sunday we'd a good big steak; Monday some rashers out of the prime of a side of bacon; Tuesday, *mutton chops; Wednesday* sausages; Thursday and Friday, bread-and-cheese; and to-day potatoes. I don't run into debt; Tom can't accuse me of that.'

'Do you ever buy fresh vegetables?'

'Not often; I'm obliged to consider the pennies, for dinners are only one meal in the day; there's breakfast and tea, and supper besides. Tom doesn't say much about them; it's the dinners he grumbles at. I only wish I could do better, for I'm miserable. I get tired of living with a man who's never satisfied; and yet I love him, and he loves me.'

'My dear, do you ever ask God to help you to do better?'

'No; I couldn't pray about cooking!'

'Yes; you could. One reason why you and your husband don't hit off a pleasant state of things is because you grumble back at him, instead of seeking strength from your Father, who, in Christ, listens to any request you make, even if it has to do with household matters. Begin to pray to-day, and in the strength of God try to reform.'

'But how can I? I never knew a bit about cooking when I married.'

'It's not too late to learn; I'm ready to help you. Will you buy your meat to-day as I advise? and if you'll trust me for one week, I think I can put you in the way of giving your husband a good dinner every day, with fresh vegetables sometimes, and yet not run into debt.'

Mary brightened up. 'Will you, really, Mrs. Pearson? and may I tell Tom what you're going to do?' she said.

'Yes; and ask him to let me go to the butcher's with you. But I must make one bargain, which is, that both of you will be moderate, and not eat Monday's meat on Sunday.'

'All right, I agree, and I'm sure Tom will.'

Towards evening the friends went out marketing, and Mary, advised by Mrs. Pearson, purchased six pounds of breast of mutton, for the weather was cold, and there was no fear of the meat not keeping.

'You buy to better advantage if you get a large piece; but mind, I'm allowing you and Tom two pounds more than we have in the week,' said Mrs. Pearson. 'You can't learn economy in a day; it'll be the work of time. This meat has to serve for seven dinners, with vegetables and a few extras.'

'Seven!' echoed Mary, 'and all that bone; why, the steak we had on Sunday looked nearly as much meat as this.'

'I mean seven,' Mrs. Pearson answered, smiling; 'you will see how useful these bones can be made. Now we'll buy half a gallon of potatoes and a nice cabbage. I'll cut the meat up for you, and then tell you how to cook the first piece.'

Mrs. Pearsn divided the mutton into three parts. 'The largest you can bake to-morrow, with a few potatoes,' she remarked; 'boil the cabbage as well. Remember if you leave off hungry you must only eat half this meat. Take care of the bones, and on Monday morning, first thing, put them into a saucepan with a pint of fresh water, and set them on the fire to simmer.'

Mary took great pains, and acquitted herself so well, she earned praises from her husband, and they had some merriment over the equal division of the meat. Tom was so happy, he took up a good habit he had dropped for some weeks, and accompanied his wife to church, instead of smoking his pipe and leaving her to go alone.

When Tom went to work next morning he declared he should long for one o'clock to come to see how Mary managed, 'For I don't know how you're going to spin that bit of meat out for dinner,' he said.

Monday's allowance was served thus. The stock was ready for use by the time Mary wanted it; she turned it into the stewpan, and added six peeled potatoes, four good-sized onions sliced up, a pennyworth of carrots, and the meat left on the previous day cut off the bones, with a little pepper and salt. She set the stewpan on the fire, stirred the contents well together, and left all to cook thoroughly while she fetched a saucepan half full of spring water, into which she put the fresh bones ready for simmering so soon as the fire was unoccupied.

'There's such a smell of good things, you must have bewitched the cold meat, Mary,' cried Tom, who came in as the clock struck one. 'Be quick; I've to be back in half an hour.'

The meat was soon served, and husband and wife were astonished to find how well satisfied they were; in fact, enough was left to warm up for supper, with the addition of a little rice.

Tuesday found Mrs. Pearson and Mary busily engaged in making a meat pudding. 'This has to last two days,' said the former; 'and you must be careful over your stock, and not use too much for gravy; Saturday has to be provided for. Put the fresh bones into the same saucepan; you may add another pint of water, and take out the old bones.'

The dinner that day gave great satisfaction to Tom. So good was the pudding that he called for more at supper-time. Mary was firm in refusing. 'You're not to eat to-day what is to do for to-morrow,' she said. 'I've something nice for you,' and she placed a steaming bowl on the table, with a thick slice of bread.

'That's capital!' exclaimed Tom, when he had tasted the contents of the bowl; 'you're getting a regular cook. Whatever am I eating?'

'Sort of onion soup. I got some onions, sliced them up, and put them, with about a penn'orth of milk and some water, into a saucepan, I boiled all together.'

'It's fit for the Queen!' said Tom.

The pudding was warmed up on Wednesday, and a cabbage, with a few potatoes, were cooked. On Thursday the remainder of the meat was boiled, and the liquor carefully put aside to add to the stock. A few turnips, with Norfolk dumplings, eked out that day's meal. Mrs. Pearson had to make the dumplings, and she considered she managed to do so at the cost of little more than one penny.

Mary wondered no longer how she would provide dinners for the week out of the six pounds of mutton when she saw how much good stock she had in her saucepan. She divided it into two portions for the remaining days.

'Buy half a pint of oatmeal this morning,' said Mrs. Pearson on Friday, 'it will make a good broth if you stir it into your stock; and you may add some more water. By way of a change, I should soak plenty of bread in it, and don't forget the pepper and salt. I shall also allow you to make a baked rice pudding for a treat.'

'Say, rather, you'll show me how to make one,' cried Mary; 'the last time I tried, the pudding was so hard, Tom declared he could hardly get his teeth in.'

'I suppose you allowed no room for the rice to swell. Just do as I tell you. Put that small teacupful into your dish, and fill it up with milk; you may add a little sugar. Half a pint of milk will make a nice pudding.'

'Surely, a good pudding won't come out of that drop of rice, Mrs. Pearson. I packed mine quite tight!'

'And spoilt it. You must trust me; you'll find I'm right.' And so she proved to be.

Saturday found Mary with a happy face, preparing her dinner alone. She warmed the stock, and put into it a few cuttings of bacon, some potatoes, and fried onions.

This made a substantial stew, and was a great improvement on the basin of potatoes she had set before her husband for so many Saturdays.

When Tom brought his wages home his wife showed him money in hand, even though his club and the rent were paid.

'Are you satisfied with my management this week?' she asked; 'I've tried to do better.'

The husband made no answer, but he drew his much-loved Mary nearer to him, and gave her such a hearty kiss, she needed no other assurance.

'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Mrs. Pearson proved herself such to this young couple. They both profited by her wise teaching. Tom learnt to be more patient, and Mary to practise economy, so that when her children came she was able to provide for them, because she knew how to lay out sixteen shillings to the best advantage. They learnt, too, from the Friend of friends; the gospel of Jesus Christ became their gospel. As it took firm hold of their hearts, it changed the whole aspect of their home life. One day Tom suggested it would be better to have no cooking on Sunday, so that he and his wife might go twice a day instead of once to God's house.

Mary assented gladly; the suggestion showed her how much her husband must be impressed, for he had hitherto stoutly maintained that a working man should have a hot dinner on Sunday if he went without another all the days of the week. But then Tom had only studied to please himself; now he sought to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.


## NORTHERN MESSENGER

**(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).**

**One yearly subscription, 30c.**

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

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**EPPS'S COCOA**

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*Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.*

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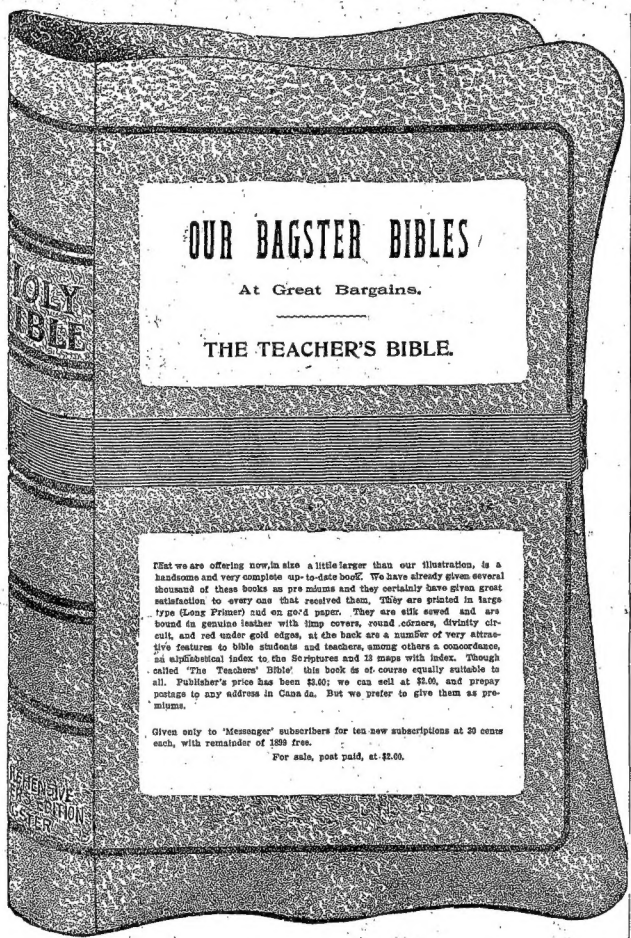
THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

# FOR "MESSENGER" SUBSCRIBERS.

These offers were so popular last year, we have decided to repeat them, and in addition will include the remainder of the year free to all new subscribers subscribing now for next year.




## OUR BAGSTER BIBLES

At Great Bargains.

### THE TEACHER'S BIBLE.

That we are offering now, in size a little larger than our illustration, is a handsome and very complete up-to-date book. We have already given several thousand of these books as premiums and they certainly have given great satisfaction to every one that received them. They are printed in large type (Long Primer) and on good paper. They are silk sewed and are bound in genuine leather with limp covers, round corners, divinity circuit, and red under gold edges, at the back are a number of very attractive features to bible students and teachers, among others a concordance, an alphabetical index to the Scriptures and 13 maps with index. Though called 'The Teachers' Bible' this book is of course equally suitable to all. Publisher's price has been $2.50; we can sell at $2.00, and prepay postage to any address in Canada. But we prefer to give them as premiums.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for ten new subscriptions at 20 cents each, with remainder of 1899 free.

For sale, post paid, at $2.00.

## THE VEST POCKET BIBLE.

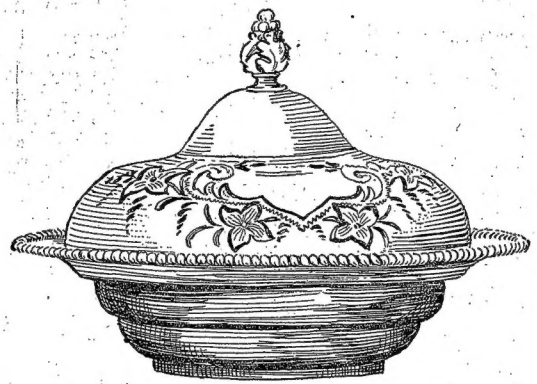
Printed on Oxford India paper, bound in 'French Seal' leather, and lined with leather, Yapp covers, or as they are sometimes called, "divinity circuit," with red under gold edges, and round corners. Usually sold in the retail stores at $1.50 or $1.75.

This beautiful little book fits nicely into a gentleman's vest pocket, and while the type is necessarily small, it is very readable owing to the fact that it is printed from the very best type, on the very best paper, with the very best ink. The same book, if ordinary bible paper was used, would be two or three times the size. Of course, there are no helps or maps, as they would make the book too big for the vest pocket. Many people may prefer this little book for everyday use to the larger print bibles, but it is specially designed for those who want to carry a small bible for casual reference.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers.

For 10 new subscriptions to Dec. 31, 1900, at 30c each.

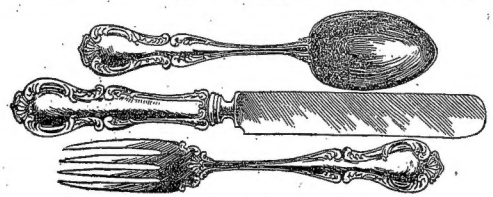
For sale, postpaid, at $1.50.



## BUTTER DISH.

This butter dish is both ornamental and serviceable. The butter rests on a tray or plate, leaving a space below for the water from the ice when used. The tray fits firmly, yet easily into the dish. It is quadruple silver plate, hand chased, latest design, satin finished cover, with elegant shot beading. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 17 new subscriptions, with balance of 1899 free, at 30c each.

For sale, carriage paid, for $2.75.



## The Child's Set

The Knife is 7½ inches in length, and other pieces in proportion. This set is suitable for a child from two years to ten years of age, and makes an appropriate present for Christening, Christmas or Birthday. This set comes in a satin-lined box, and sells locally at $2.30. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for ten new subscriptions at 30c each, with balance of 1899 free.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.75.

P.S.—We can get children's sets as low as 10c, but we will not offer such goods to our subscribers.

## Rodgers's Jack Knife.

This boys' knife will give great satisfaction. The blade is 2½ inches long, and made of the very best of steel, being by the celebrated Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty, etc., etc.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for two new subscriptions at 30c each, balance of 1899 free.

For sale, postpaid, for 35c.

## Child's Mug.

This mug would delight any child as a Christmas or birthday gift. It is quadruple silver plated and gold lined and beautifully chased. The designs may vary slightly, but they are all pretty.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 7 new subscriptions at 30c each, with balance of 1899 free.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.30.

## 'In His Steps.'

### SHELDON'S GREATEST BOOK.

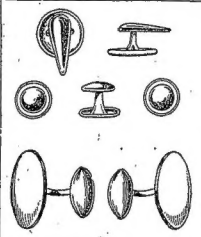
### Thrilling, Inspiring, Forceful.

EVERYONE IS READING IT AND TALKING ABOUT IT.

Sunday-School Teachers would do a good thing by putting this book into the hands of each of their scholars. It will exert a tremendous influence for good upon every member of a home.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for one new subscriber at 30 cents.

Sold singly, or in lots at 15c per copy, postpaid.



## Gentlemen's Sets.

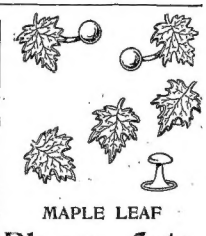
Comprising 1 pair Cuff Links, 3 Front Studs and 2 Pointer Buttons.

The Links and Studs are rolled gold plate, warranted by the manufacturers to wear ten years, and are made in the celebraised one-piece unbreakable style. Dull or polished finish as desired.

Will be sent postpaid and registered.

Free to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight strictly new subscriptions to Dec. 31, 1900, at 30c each. Or for sale, postpaid, for $1.50.

Our premiums are described honestly. If they be not considered to correspond with the descriptions they may be promptly returned and money will be refunded.

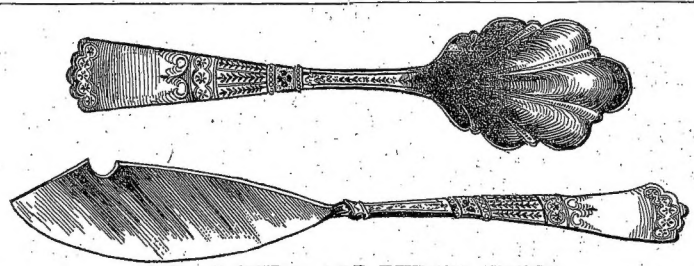


## MAPLE LEAF Blouse Sets.

Including One pair of Maple Leaf Cuff Links, Three Maple Leaf Front Studs, and One Plain Collar Stud.

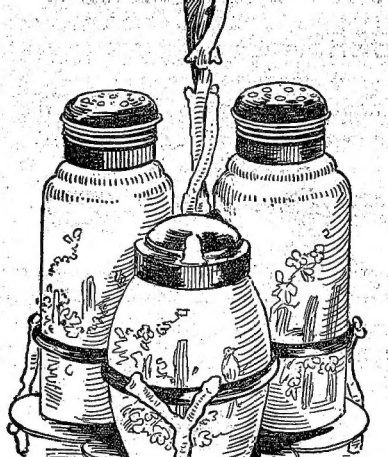
Very patriotic and very dainty. Made entirely of Sterling Silver, decorated with Pure Gold. A lady who has seen these sets gave her opinion that they would bring $5 in the city stores. Though that lady somewhat overestimated their value, the fact is they are very pretty, and with our special arrangements we can afford to give them to 'Messenger' subscribers who will send us eight strictly new subscriptions to Dec. 31, 1900, to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each: or for sale, postpaid and registered, for $1.50.

Our premiums are described honestly. If they be not considered to correspond with the description they may be promptly returned and money will be refunded.



## SUGAR SHELL AND BUTTER KNIFE.

The Sugar Shell and Butter Knife, in neat satin-lined box, are very presentable as Christmas Presents. Any lady would like to have them for her table. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight new subscriptions, including balance of 1899 free, at 30c each, or for sale, postpaid, at $1.50.



## LUNCH CASTER.

This pepper, salt and mustard castor, is one of the daintiest table articles we have to offer. The quadruple silverplate and richly decorated opal bottle present a very pleasing effect. It stands six and one-half inches in height.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 17 new subscriptions at 30c each; remainder of 1899 free.

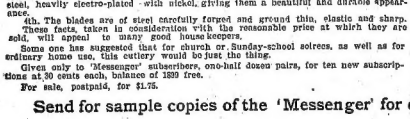
For sale, carriage paid, for $2.75.

## SYRUP PITCHER.

This syrup pitcher will give great satisfaction. It has a splendid 'cut off lip' inside, which prevents the syrup running down the outside. It is also a very ornamental piece for the table, being quadruple silver plate, and beautifully hand chased.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 17 new subscriptions at 30c each, including remainder of 1899 free.

For sale, carriage prepaid, for $2.75.



## Table Knives and Forks.

This tableware is a novelty, and has but recently been placed on the Canadian market. Nevertheless the sale has been brisk wherever they were shown, and, according to the manufacturers, for the following reasons:

1st. The handles are made of Cocobolo, a very hard, close grained wood, which takes a fine polish, and which is of a dark rosewood color. The handles are so firmly fastened on that they will not get loose, or come off when washed in hot water. These handles are of a good size, yet lighter and handsomer than solid steel knives and forks.

2nd. The ferules are of 20 percent nickel silver, and add greatly to the appearance of this cutlery.

3rd. The forks are of the same pattern as the latest models of silver forks, with four tines and rounded backs, tines and edges like a silver fork. They are made of steel, heavily electro-plated with nickel, giving them a beautiful and durable appearance.

4th. The blades are of steel carefully forged and ground thin, elastic and sharp. These facts, taken in consideration with the reasonable price at which they are sold, will appeal to many good house keepers.

Some one has suggested that for church or Sunday-school soirees, as well as for ordinary home use, this cutlery would be just the thing.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, one-half dozen pairs, for ten new subscriptions at 30 cents each, balance of 1899 free.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.75.

## JOAN TABLE WARE

We get these Spoons and Forks to match, from one of the very largest manufacturers in the world. Five million dozen spoons of this kind is their record, and their whole output of table ware is simply enormous. They understand their business and make a good article, and sell at smaller profits than many other manufacturers. They do not profess to make a cheap spoon, but a good spoon and one worth the price. We are convinced that these spoons will disappoint no one. They are very highly spoken of by both the wholesale and retail trade as well as by the manufacturers. The Joan table ware is made, the manufacturers tell us, of the Highest Grade Nickel Silver, and is heavily plated with FINE Silver. It has been the aim of the manufacturers to make them equal in design and workmanship to any similar articles in Sterling Silver, and they certainly have succeeded in turning out a very fine article.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers as follows:

Quarter dozen Table Spoons or Forks for 9 new subscriptions at 30c each balance of 1899 free.
Quarter dozen Dessert Spoons or Forks, for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each, balance of 1899 free.
Quarter dozen Tea Spoons for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each, balance of 1899 free.
Half dozen Tea Spoons for 9 new subscriptions at 30c each, balance of 1899 free.

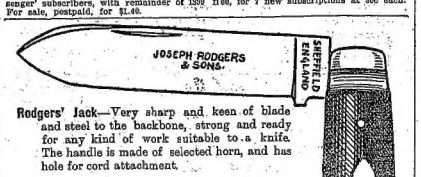
FOR SALE—Dessert Spoons or Forks, delivery paid, $1.75 per quarter dozen
Table Spoons or Forks, delivery paid, $1.85 per quarter dozen,
Tea Spoons, delivery paid, $1.75 per half dozen.

## More Joan Table Ware.

We will not need to say much about these goods. They look interesting in the pen and ink sketches, and when one sees them, one is charmed with them. They look exactly like sterling silverware. They are the very best plate, and we are assured will wear a lifetime. They are very high-priced goods, and sell in the most fashionable city jewellery stores at fancy prices. We are certain that these premiums will give every satisfaction, and anticipate a very large demand for them. For presents, they are unequalled.

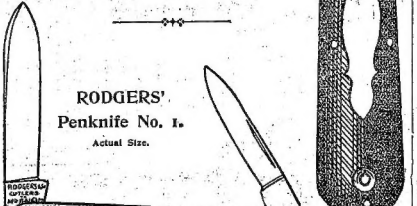
## The Pie Knife.

10 inches in length, sold locally at $2, in neat satin lined box, given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, including the remainder of 1899 free, for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each. For sale, postpaid, for $1.60.



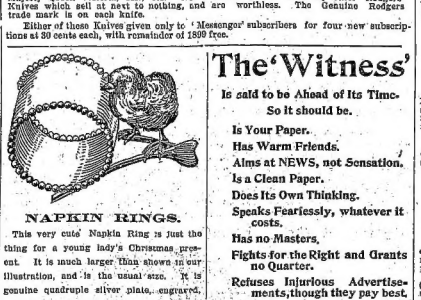
## The Berry Spoon.

9 inches in length, sold locally at $1.60, in neat satin lined box. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, with remainder of 1899 free, for 7 new subscriptions at 30c each. For sale, postpaid, for $1.40.



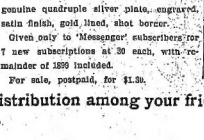

**Rodgers' Jack**—Very sharp and keen of blade and steel to the backbone, strong and ready for any kind of work suitable to a knife. The handle is made of selected horn, and has hole for cord attachment.

**Rodgers' Penknife**—2 blades, very best of steel. White bone handle, selected, usually sold as ivory. A magnificent pocket penknife.




These Knives are made by Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, etc., etc. Don't confound them with any other 'Rodgers' Knives which sell at next to nothing, and are worthless. The Genuine Rodgers trade mark is on each knife.

Either of these Knives given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for four new subscriptions at 30 cents each, with remainder of 1899 free.



## NAPKIN RINGS.

This very cute Napkin Ring is just the thing for a young lady's Christmas present. It is much larger than shown in our illustration, and is the usual size. It is genuine quadruple silver plate, engraved, satin finish, gold lined, shot border.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 7 new subscriptions at 30 each, with remainder of 1899 included.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.30.

## The 'Witness'

**Is said to be Ahead of Its Time. So it should be.**

**Is Your Paper.**

**Has Warm Friends.**

**Aims at NEWS, not Sensation.**

**Is a Clean Paper.**

**Does Its Own Thinking.**

**Speaks Fearlessly, whatever it costs.**

**Has no Masters.**

**Fights for the Right and Grants no Quarter.**

**Refuses Injurious Advertisements, though they pay best.**

**Is a leader of Thought.**

**Is Pre eminently the Family Paper.**

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT.**

**Child's Sterling Silver or Gold-filled Bracelets**

## Child's Sterling Silver Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, nicely chased, as represented, 4in the illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 6 new subscriptions, at 30c each, with remainder of 1899 free.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.25.

## Child's Gold-filled Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, warranted by makers to wear ten years. These Child's Bracelets are very neat. The Gold Bracelet is like the illustration, but is not chased.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each, including remainder of 1899 free.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.65.

## The "WITNESS,"

### Our Best Premium:

### Canada's Leading Independent Paper,

The 'Weekly Witness' to Dec. 31, 1900, is given to 'Messenger' subscribers [who have not taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness' during the past year] for obtaining six new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

The 'Daily Witness' to Dec. 31, 1900, is given to 'Messenger' subscribers who have not taken it during the past year, for 15 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

## Pickle Caster.

This Pickle Caster is one of the best values we have to offer. It is quadruple silver plate, complete with tongs, as shown in cut, with latest shades of heavy green ribbed glass. It is bright and pretty on a table, and stands about a foot in height.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for eleven new subscriptions at 30c each, including remainder of 1899.

For sale, carriage paid, for $1.75.

**Gold and Silver Bracelets**

## Ladies' Gold-filled Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, warranted by makers to wear for years. This is the most popular Chain Bracelet, and very pretty and rich in appearance.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 29 new subscriptions, including remainder of 1899 free, at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, for $3.50.

## Ladies' Sterling Silver Bracelet

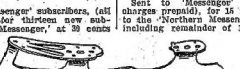
with Padlock and Key, same style as the gold-filled Bracelet.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 10 new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, at $2.25.

## SKELETON SKATES.

Skates will shortly be in demand. What boy or girl would not like to have a handsome pair of club skates. Here is an opportunity given them to earn a pair. The skates are fully described and represented.



## The Winslow Hockey Skates.

No. 270—The Runners are of Welded Iron and Steel, hardened and tempered toe and heel plates, are made of Cold Rolled Steel, Blued, and have Polished edges, 8 to 12 inches.

Sent only to 'Messenger' subscribers, (all charges prepaid), for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 30 cents each, including remainder of 1899 free.

No. 275—Same material and finish as No. 270, but Nickel Plated and Buffed throughout, 8 to 12 inches.

Sent to 'Messenger' subscribers, (all charges prepaid), for 15 new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each, including remainder of 1899 free.

No. 40—The "Ladies' Gem," is just like the "Canadian Belle" in appearance, and quality, but the blade is concaved, thus allowing of a broader blade, and at the same time less weight. This is the nicest Ladies' Skate we have seen, 7/8 to 11 inch.

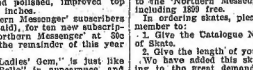
Sent only to 'Messenger' subscribers (all charges prepaid), for ten new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each, including 1899 free.

In ordering skates, please be sure to remember to

1. Give the Catalogue Number and name of Skate.

2. Give the length of your boot in inches.

We have added this skate premium owing to the great demand for best Skates in many places where the best are not kept. We prepay delivery, which costs by mail an average of 25c. on each pair of skates.




## The Canadian Belle is a very pretty Ladies' Skate.

Send for sample copies of the 'Messenger' for distribution among your friends. Address all communications to the publishers,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.